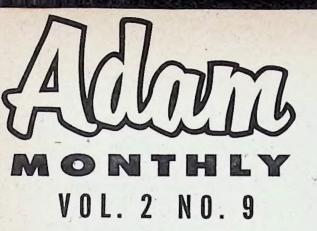


word from ADAM On page 30 of this issue of ADAM, you will find an intriguing fact-study of the fondness of females for the use of poisonous brews when homicidally inclined. And while their feminine preference for poison is well-established fact, ADAM has a disquieting thought or two to add to Mr. Calhoun's well-worked-out thesis. • At first glance, it would seem unnecessary, to say the least, that women should feel the need of poison or any other murderous devices to bring mankind to heel, considering a.) the weapons nature has equipped them with from adolescence and b.) the fact that they consider most men heels anyway, and therefore shouldn't require being brought to same. • However, history and the tabloids give ADAM the lie. Some girls do get so fed up with their menfolk that murder seems the sole way out. Granting this truth, their preference for poison suggests that it stems from the mother-instinct. They can nurse the poor dears, even while in the process of destroying them. So, the next time the coffee tastes funny, don't blame the little woman — she may be doing a better job than you know.







OTHAR ASHLEY	Editor-in-Chief
WRT REICHERT	Associate Editor
DBERT S. LIGHTP	roduction Manager
RANK EDWARD LEE	Art Director

DL. 2, NO. 9, ADAM, PRICE 50c PER COPY. Published monthly Knight Publishing Corp. Editorial and Advertising Offices: Ismatic Building, Los Angeles 46, California. Contents Copylithed 1958 by Knight Publishing Corp. Nothing may be remted in whole or in part without written permission. Printed IU.S.A. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manulipts and pictures; the publisher accepts no responsibility for turn. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real peoand places is purely coincidental.

COVER GIRL-	
Darlene Carr photographed by KEITH BERNARD	
A WORD FROM ADAM — feature	2
SALTED SATELLITE — science fiction	4
GLENN LLEWELLYN	
KID WITH COLD FEET — picture profile ROGER TURRELL	7
Kathy Marlowe photographed by RUSS MEYER	
PETER STRIKES OUT - fiction HERNDON SMITH	12
SPEAK FOR YERSELF, DOC! — satire	16
HOSTAGE — fiction CONNIE SELLERS	18
NUDE AND LOVELY — pictorial	22
LAST DANCE — fiction MARTIN COURTNEY	26
POISON IS A WOMAN'S WEAPON — article JOHN CALHOUN	30
ADAM'S EVE — special pictorial	34
Dawn Denielle photographed by ARNOLD RUBENSTEIN	
CHEE-CHEE BABY — fiction NICK BURBELIS	36
TAKE-OFF — fiction RAY DENNISON	41
THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT — sports GENE FOWLER	42
THE MATING URGE — pictorial article	46
ADAM'S TALES humor	54
WALK ME HOME - fiction H. H. GENTILE	56
THE BLEMISH - fiction DEVEREAUX WILLIAMS	61
THE WEIRDIES - pictorial	62
LETTERS TO ADAMfeature	67





small satellite, as satellites go. Its craggy, airless surface of less than 200 square kilometers spun lazily in orbit a mere 5,660 kilometers above the rust-orange and grey immensity of Arethusa, the fifth planet in the Proxima Centauri system, some eight light-years from Earth's own sun. At the moment, its inhabitants numbered three, save, of course, for the Barkers, the lungless, silicon-eating scavengers that were everywhere in the Centaurian system where life was supportable.

Two of the three humans on Niobe were in the process of booting the third, Cecil Buckmaster, off the tiny satellite. Since the airlessness of Niobe demanded space-suits, they looked more like deep-sea divers than like men engaged in a most difficult and potentially dangerous operation.

What annoyed Arne MacWilliams and Diego Ferrero most about the whole business was not so much that Cecil represented an unforeseen factor in their carefully plotted swindle as his stubbornness in refusing to be booted off. He had, it appeared, some sort of inherited deed, entitling him to full ownership of Niobe, a deed granted by the long-abolished Control of Planets of Alien Suns, COPOAS for short.

Its legality was highly questionable, since COPOAS had, decades earlier, been superseded by the broader-based Interstellar Board of Control (IBOC), but MacWilliams had offered to purchase the satellite-deed at what he deemed a fair price—and Cecil had obstinately refused to sell. This was

back at Cerberus City, on Arethusa, before the final stages of the operation got under way, and MacWilliams, disregarding his partner's suggestion that they simply eliminate Cecil by blasting, had turned Rhoda Frost loose on him.

Rhoda's presence in Cerberus City had also been unforeseen, but in this instance was a welcome surprise. Both MacWilliams and Ferrero knew her of yore—the slickest, coolest, sexiest operator in the entire seven star-systems under human occupation.

Rhoda had listened to the proposition with green eyes slightly narrowed, then had tamped out her self-igniting cigaret and said simply, "I'm with it, boys ... what's in it for me?"

They hadn't let her in on the pitch, but they had promised her a cut of the take.

Fifteen hours later, they had been hard at work, planting the costly nuggets of centauranium, to date the rarest and most valuable metallic element in the galaxy, in just the proper places, at exactly the proper level to get response from the ore-reactors that would, if all the rest went according to plan, soon be seeking it out for Interstellar Mines Corporation. It was tricky going, using hand-blasters to infuse the precious stuff into the rocks themselves without leaving butn-scars or destroying the centaurinium itself.

"Goddam it, Diego!" exploded MacWilliams, tired, sweaty and exasperated under his space-suit. "That's the second time you've burned the stuff. You must have eaten up three grams . . . and at four-hundred-thousand credits a kilo, it's blood."

-turn the page

alted Satellite

by GLENN LLEWELLYN



SATELLITE, from page 4

"I haven't seen you doing any better," beefed Ferrero. "How come you always give me the dirty end of the stick?"

"Because I'm the brains of this outfit," replied MacWilliams, "and you're its brawn. And don't 'tell me you'd rather be back on Ganymede, wrestling. The only way you'll go back there is under Interplanetary Police guard."

"Okay, okay," said Ferrero, backing down. "But stop crabbing. I'm doing

the best I can.'

It was at that moment that the forcescreen alarm had buzzed inside their helmets, and both men had emerged from the cavern in which they were planting the centaurinium to see a tall, space-suited figure testing the screen. Ferrero had lifted his blaster, but Mac-Williams had knocked it down, saying, "You cretin! You're on self-feed. You'll knock a hole in the screen and let those damned Barkers in.

He nodded toward the ring of everfamished silicon eaters who pressed hungrily against the invisible barrier, their pointed fangs gleaming in the reflected light of the great orangeand-grey planet whose bulging mass

filled half the sky.

Luckily, their diet was strictly sand and rocks, not flesh. Some of the Centaureans made pets of them, though they were unpredictable of mood and apt to wander away from the most comfortable rockpiles and sand-bins when their monthly breeding periods fell due and all other appetites vanished. They uttered small, sharp, yipping noises when aroused, whence the name Barkers.

Currently, they were clustered around Cecil Buckmaster, seemingly in hope that he would allow them entry to the cavern from which the force-

barrier barred them.

Motioning Ferrero to keep back, Arne MacWilliams approached the barrier, wondering what had happened to Rhoda's infallible wiles. He said, "Whatinell do you think you're doing, Buckmaster?"

"Just looking around," said the lanky intruder. "I like to know what's

happening to my property."
"Your property, my foot!" said
MacWilliams. "That deed of your's is worthless - at any rate, it will take two years Earth-time, to prove it through IBOC. I offered you a fair

"Fair enough for a hunk of rock," said Cecil, "but not for a mineral lode worth your making this effort."

"Let me give it to him," said Fer-

rero, lifting his blaster again.

"I wouldn't, camarada," Buckmaster's drawl came gently through their earphones. "I checked out at Cerberus City spaceport and gave a time of return. If I'm not back . . .

He let it hang, turned and went slowly out of sight over the close, rugged horizon, taking the long leaps the almost nonexistent gravity permitted.

THIS WAS THE biggest, most complex swindle MacWilliams had ever undertaken. Already, it had involved an immense outlay for two kilos of centaurinium, the rarest and most volatile of metals, also, under certain conditions, the hardest and most easily handled. Two kilos worth - 800,000 Interstellar credits on the Neptune Ex-

MacWilliams hadn't paid for the stuff, of course. But his filching of it had involved two years of complex negotiations that could only be termed blackmail. Then, their trip to Arethusa had to be financed, as did the contact with the upper hierarchy of Interstellar Mines. He had no intention of letting a vagrant owner-claimant spoil the masterpiece, the capstone, of his

career in thievery

He sighed, wishing now that he had let Ferrero use his blaster. His own great weakness, he saw all too clearly, was his instinctive dislike of crude, direct methods. He was a swindler, a con-man on a near-galactic scale, not a housebreaker or murderer. It was not conscience that bothered him, but pride in his abilities to commit a crime neatly, with no unpleasant aftermath in court.

He said, "Come on Diego . . . he's blasted off. Let's get this job finished. The Interstellar Mines man is due at Cerberus City any day now.'

THE SPACE sled was on automatic control. In the warm, sealed cabin, Buckmaster and Rhoda Frost lay comfortably entwined in the close embrace they had broken only for brief and necessary intervals since Arne Mac-Williams threw them together. Their meeting had been a detonation, a coruscating explosion, a nova starburst unmatched in the considerable sexual experience of either of them. But, at the moment, they were not thinking, or speaking, of love.

"What do you think those two thieves are up to, lover?" Rhoda asked

"I wish to hell I knew," he replied. "Maybe I should have let them buy that phoney deed I flashed on them.

Rhoda snorted inelegantly. "And take peanuts? Lover, if you want to travel with me, you've got to think big. I'd give a . . . I'd give plenty to know what con they're working."

"So would I," said Cecil. He kissed her lingeringly, added, "One good thing...they put you on my tail." "Not now," she replied, eluding his

-turn to page 50



Kathy Marlowe, Minneapolis' gift to Hollywood, Has Been Everything In Her Career From Miss Doof of 1954 to the "Girl With An Itch."

KID WITH COLD FEET

by ROGER TURRELL

wholly delectable creature with which these pages is concerned, is a bosomy blonde Minnesota Pole with ice-blue eyes and ice-cold feet. Anyone can tell about the eyes at a glance. About the feet, Kathy says ruefully, "I like to sleep raw except for booties — and I only wear them because my feet get cold."

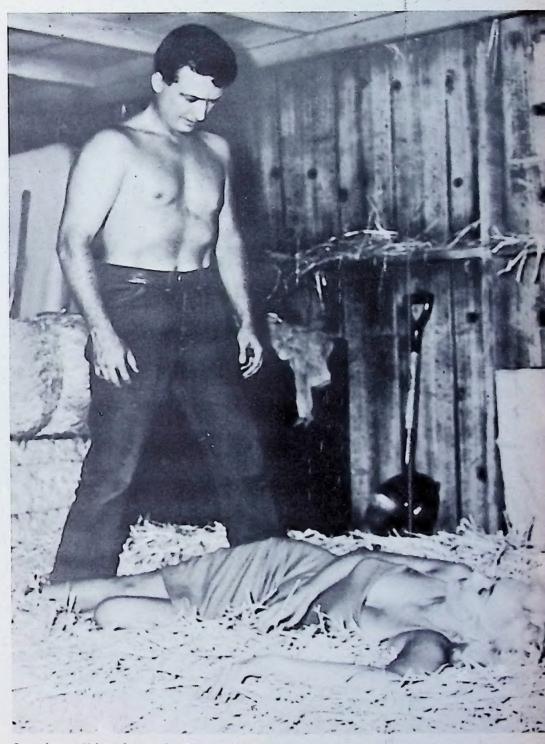
The interestingly put together Kathy, who stands five feet six inches in her booties, who weighs 118 pounds and breezes through the tapes with eyepopping 39-24-35 circumferences, is a level-headed young actress who has been pushing the television and movie screens hard for stardom of late. She has only just attained her goal, after a four-year push, with the lead in a tasty little item about a girl hitchhiker entitled "Girl with an Itch," due

for release at any moment.

The plot of this opus has to do with a blonde, bosomy, five-foot-six-inch road-hustler with 39-24-35 dimensions and ice-blue eyes whose itch is of that extravagant and interesting sort that assails the fancies of young men (and, presumably, young women) in springtime. While hitting the road, she becomes rather messily involved with a young man in a hayloft and there is something of a problem as to whether Kathy or her beefcake boy had to scratch the more urgently. 'Tis said around the Hollywoods that nothing quite like it has been seen since Jane Russell popped her famed "Mountains of Nebraska" over the filmgoer's horizon way back in 1940. It is now a question of whether Kathy's "Mountains" of Minnesota can do as much for her as Jane's did for all the Russells of the world.

Above the breastline, Kathy is a smart, serious female animal, who was lborn in Minneapolis, a New Year's Eve baby, on December 31, 1934. There is something fantastic about anytone as double-delightfully convex as IKathy being born in a depression year. But those things do happen.

She is the youngest of seven chil-



Scene from "Girl With An Itch." That's Kathy in the hay.













dren (five girls and two boys, and who wants boys anyway?), and it was her teen-age ambition to have 14 kids of her own — "I wanted to do twice as well as Mother." Now that she is a few years older, she says on this moderately interesting topic, "Just put me down as still wanting to have as many as are conceivable" — which is still, potentially at any rate, rather a large order.

Kathy, who is an orphan (her father died when she was six, her mother only last year), finds herself thus, while still in her early twenties, not only many times an aunt but already a great-aunt. So this urge to increase the birth-rate seems to run in the family. She received her education at St. Bridget's, Jordan Junior High and North High School in Minneapolis, and, since coming to Hollywood four years ago, has studied ballet with Nico Charisse (Cyd "Mrs. Tony Martin" Charisse's ex-hubby) and drama with Baton'e Sheider. However, her education as an actress has been chiefly earned in stage, screen and television action, as it should be.

Her stage experience (all in Hollywood area little theatres) includes large roles in "Life With Father", "Craig's Wife", "Season in the Sun" and "Magic Amulet". In the movies, Kathy has popped her bra-poppers in such epics as "Pajama Game", "The Helen Morgan Story", "Sad Sack", "Onion Head" and the "Barney Ross Story". On television, among numerous other shows, she has been displayed more or less prominently on the "Burns and Allen Show", "Dragnet", "Panic", "Love that Jill", the "Robert Cummings Show" and the "Red Skelton Show". In other words, the kid has been picking up plenty of professional experience, and should be more than ready for her stardom in "Girl with an Itch".

Although, from early girlhood, she took drama courses and was active in school plays, Kathy insists she never had the slightest idea of becoming a movie star in those days. An experience in a high school one-act job may have proved somewhat discouraging toward such ambition. She and a hestudent were playing baby-sitters in a home-written job, and the boy went up in his lines, forcing Kathy to adlib. This so disconcerted her that, in her own words, "I tinkled right there on the stage in front of everybody."

So, aged 15, Kathy took on a sparetime job as a sort of Fuller Brush Girl, selling brushes door to door for a firm that also pushed cosmetics. So many of her customers cooed, "Oh, you're so pretty! You should become a model!" — that Kathy finally decided to give it a try. She invested some of her commission money in a modeling course and, in short order, found herself with all the posing jobs Minneapolis had to offer at the time. This led to her starting a model agency "for moppets and males." At the same time, she was still going to school and peddling brushes and eye-shadow door to door.

When vacation time came around, feeling a little crowded with all these careers going at once, young Kathy took a trip to Van Nuys, in suburban Los Angeles, to visit one of her older sisters and decided which way she wanted to turn. Before she could whisper "Jake Rabinowitz", she had been taken on the rounds of the Hollywood photographers, acquired an agent and picked up parts in films and on TV.

When she finally got back to Minneapolis, Kathy was ready to believe anything could happen to a girl, and this belief was strengthened when she was selected Miss Doof of 1954 (she had attained the rich, full maturity of 19 by then). No, the "Doof" is not a typographical error—it stood for Dents Out Of Fenders, and was sponsored by Minnesota Mining Corporation, which puts out products ranging from scotch tape to auto-repair machinery.

As queen of the Doof universe, Kathy had to take a three-months training course in how to operate hammers inside car fenders, an open-andclosed disc grinder and other apparatus more generally associated with grease-stained garage mechanics than with languorcusly sexy blondes. Then she was sent on a cross country tour to demonstrate her newly acquired technique for the citizenry, who appear to have been vastly intrigued by practical demonstrations of machine-operation from such a sexy looking dish. Says Kathy, "Projecting sex was a vital part of the whole deal — but I had to deliver the old machine-goods, too."

In the matter of sex, apart from the somewhat overdeveloped maternal urge already mentioned, Kathy is as forthright as she is about everything else. "As far as I'm concerned, sex is here to stay. After all, isn't it the most dominating force in nature?" She speaks forcibly on the subject, as she does on the ever-present (for a film and TV actress) matter of horse operas. "I've never been asked to make a Western, and as far as I'm concerned, that's perfectly all right!"

As for men, she is currently in love, and not for the first time. "I'd give up my career like a shot and start having those babies if the right guy came along," she vows. However, she has a strong and canny instinct for Marlowe





She's the femme fatale in her latest picture.



security, and adds, "For a girl like myself, I think a professional man, a lawyer or doctor, would probably work out the best."

So her current love is a producer!

Next question please?

Outside of Westerns, Kathy most dislikes "being awakened needlessly by the phone in the morning." She is a reasonably domestic creature, who lives alone in her own little Beverly Hills house and is seriously considering buying it. She likes to cook and to loaf around mornings in pedal pushers or a robe she made herself many years ago in Minneapolis. "It's a striped job — red, yellow, green and blue — something like a barber pole.









I made it out of seersucker when I was fifteen."

Kathy wakes up pleasant in the a.m., despite her distaste for needless early phone calls, except when she has been out very late the night before. As to Hollywood parties, "I love them — but because they don't help my career and it's unwise for a girl to get a party-girl label, I only go to a few." She is adjustable and proud of never having lost her temper in her life — an easy gal to have around except on the above-stated occasions.

She drives a black, 1957 Thunder-bird and, where cooking is concerned, is currently proud of her ability to cook a "Frank Sinatra" steak—consisting of filet mignon or top-topsirloin sauted in butter, wine and garlic along with slices of hot red and cool green peppers. Despite her robe of many colors, her favorite hue is blue, her favorite type of clothing tailored-suit ensembles. She would like to be a fashion coordinator if her acting career ever went blooey.

For exercise, Kathy swims, plays badminton and likes to bat a tennis ball around. She enjoys reading magazines and "novels with impact" (what's that, Kathy?) She firmly believes no girl should undertake an acting career unless she has a.) money to begin with or, b.) a job she can fall back on when the eating gets thin.

The worst onstage disaster (next to that high school tinkle) occurred to Kathy when she was playing in "Season in the Sun" for the Player's Ring in Hollywood. "In one scene," she says, "I play a girl passed out on a couch from too much drink. As part of the play, one of the actors had to put a full highball glass on my left breast, and I had to lie there, balancing it for several minutes.

"It went okay until one night when something went wrong, and I got the giggles. Naturally, I spilled the glass and its contents went all over me. And, in less than three minutes, I was supposed to enter the next scene with a crisp, laundered look. It was — embarrassing. But it was funny, too."

All in all, it would not appear that Kathy Marlowe has much to worry about where her future is concerned. Her only problem seems to be how to keep her feet warm at night.

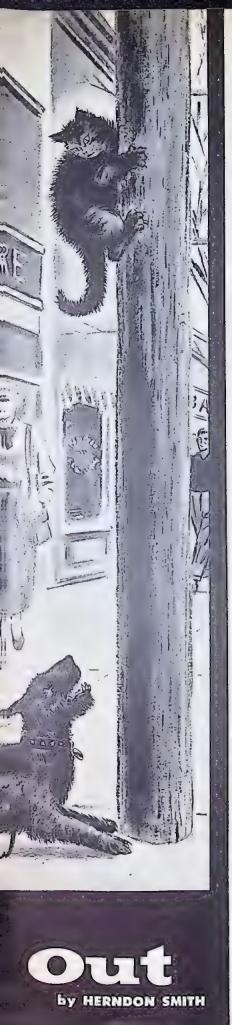






"Diddums naughty Peter let naughty old kitty bother you, snuggums?" asked Marla, in outrageous baby talk.

Peter Strikes



Never had any girl done to Peter Van Haick what this completely amoral spoiled brat was doing.

FROM THE TIPS of his close-cropped, cinnamon hair to the soles of his \$22 loafers, some 77 inches below, Peter van Haick contemplated dogicide. With every flirt of its stubby, curly-haired tail, the little Irish Terrier at the other end of the gay, green-leather leash told him who was master, who was pet. An occasional backward glance of a beady, rolling eye added injury to insult by suggesting all too clearly that China, the insufferable little mutt, was thoroughly relishing the situation, as he towed the gigantic Alden undergraduate remorselessly toward the Main Drag of the snug, smug little university town.

Peter was not, by nature or training, given to superstition. Hence, trying to hide his shame behind a screen of his own vast embarrassment, he failed to see the black cat that trotted across the sidewalk some thirty feet in front of master and man, silently intent upon its own business. China, however, was wholly unembarrassed and therefore on the alert, especially where cats of any color were con-

Raising his shrill voice in a succession of percussive, peace-rending yips, the dog suddenly tugged frantically at his leash, his paw-nails making scraping sounds on the concrete as he strove to free himself for the chase. The black cat, after a startled, yelloweyed look at the menace, decided to watch, its tail bushing out, its back arching, a low growl emanating from its larynx. By this gesture of calculated defiance, the animal made a mistake

Ordinarily, Peter would have pulled China up short and let him hang in his collar until he was half-strangled. But on this occasion, so embarrassed was the emperor-size athlete by his dogwalking plight, that he was concentrating on the vain hope no one he knew would see him. Consequently, when China gave an extra-sharp yank on the other end of the leash, Peter was caught off-guard and off-balance as well.

Most of us have seen motion picture special-effect fantasies in which New York's lofty Empire State building is slowly toppled from the clouds by the direct hit of a bomb or the disintegration beams of a flying saucer. Even in make-believe, disaster in such scope is both memorable and appalling to witness. Residents of the community who happened to be out and abroad within eyeshot that morning recall the crash of Peter van Haick under the impress of similar unforgettable sensation.

With China's final, frantic tug, Peter skidded and stubbed a toe against the curb he was about to mount. The great, massive hulk, hardly invisible in its tasteful blend of pale green slacks and a green-black-and-white Saxony gun-club jacket whose pattern was visible for half a mile on a foggy day, toppled, righted itself, then was pulled headlong to the sidewalk as China, with another desperate effort, pulled himself free. The whole town seemed to register a seismic shock as Peter's 275 hard pounds of bone, muscle and gristle crashed against the unoffending concrete. The cat, after an instant of frantic indecision, darted up a nearby telephone pole beneath which an upreared China, his green leash trailing behind him, barked in ferocious frustration. It was, all in all, a moment to remember.

Nor was Peter's prone plight abetted by the sight of an almost overcurvaceous young blonde, whose sungold flesh was precariously maintained within the bounds of decency by the briefest of short ultramarine shorts and a bulging halter of matching hue adorned with white polka dots, who dashed from a just-parked little MG, bounced over to the action and picked up the snarling pup in smooth golden

"Diddums naughty Peter let naughty old kitty bother you, snuggums?" she asked in outrageous baby-talk. Then, still holding the struggling, snarling pup, she looked down at Peter with cool green eyes and said, "Really, you look ridiculous down there. Get up!"

Peter lay there a moment longer, his chin resting on one clenched fist. He debated with himself, silently, whether 'twas better to endure such slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to rise in his might and tear girl and dog alike limb from limb. Then he thought of his financial situation and scrambled ungracefully to his size fourteens.

"Yes, Your Majstey," he said unhumbly. "Yes, md'am! Is there any other little thing I can do for you, Your Majesty?"

A gathering of townsfolk had col--turn the page PETER, from page 13

lected, drawn by the spectacle of one of Alden University's most fabulous football heroes thus brought low, and there were a number of sniggers and chuckles and one outright guffaw. Marla Foster's much-exposed golden skin turned pink all over. Batting curly golden lashes at Peter, she said, "Get in the car before I dock your pay.

This was a mistake. The sight of van Haick painfully inserting his gargantuan frame into an MG provoked further merriment from the onlookers. Having passed the saturation point of sensitivity to ridicule, Peter exaggerrated the problem of squeezing his bulk into such confinement until Marla, already behind the wheel and holding China securely in her lap, said in low, venomous tones, "Stop making a cheap spectacle of yourself!"

At last slamming the door, Peter looked down at a rent in his pale green covert-cloth slacks and said mournfully, "I wouldn't say it was cheap, Your Majesty. These Goddam pants cost me forty bucks, new.'

"Oh, shut up!" she snapped. "And don't call me 'Your Majesty'!"

Then stop acting like an adolescent

Empress," he replied.

Marla Foster shut up, knowing when she was licked. But Peter knew full well, from his experience of the past three weeks, that she would not be licked for long. Marla was' a spoiled, clever, outrageously wealthy daughter of the town's most prominent family who took it upon herself as a

point of honor always to extract revenge in full.

When J. Otis Foster, at a Commencement Day cocktail party, told Peter that he had heard of his father's current misfortunes and wondered if Peter would like to take a job tutoring his daughter, Marla, the offer seemed like manna from heaven or a reasonable facsimile thereof. For Peter, for the first time in a number of seasons, had unexpectedly found himself flat, stony broke.

His independent oil-man father, the fabulous "Wildcat" van Haick, had found himself temporarily strapped thanks to a combination of overexpansion and a succession of dry wells. He had written Peter, expressing his sorrow at not being able to come to Alden to join the revelry and congratulate his son on successfully completing his Junior year with the scholastic rank of three in a class numbering more than a thousand. "You'll have to swim by yourself, boy," he had written, "at least for a few weeks or months, or however long it takes me to get these ring-tailed mortgagegouging sidewinders out of my groin. I know you can handle it, and I'll be in touch the moment I get things cleared up at this end. Your pal and pa, Wildcat.'

Ordinarily, Peter, reared in the rough and tumble of the oil-fields of the world, could have handled it easily. However, two years of living on the easy outflow of his father's sudden wealth had softened him up. He was, to put it mildly, as overextended

as Wildcat himself. An unfortunate bet on the prowess of his fraternitybrother Sophomore pal and pest, Paddy Gregory, in the 220-yard low hurdles had cost him the bulk of an already sorely depleted reserve, when Paddy had caught his spikes in the cinders and taken a header that demolished two hurdles and put him effectively out of the race.

Hence the manna-aspect of J. Otis Foster's suggestion that Peter tutor his daughter, Marla, It offered luxurious living and eating throughout the summer, plus a good salary, plus the charge of a purportedly cute little chick. Peter had been close to song as he told of his good fortune to classmate Doak Stebbins, whose sister, Val, was an on-again-off-again member of his considerable campus harem and, perhaps, the girl who understood him best.

To his amazement, Stebbins had looked horror-struck at Peter's news. "You don't mean you've taken on the Foster brat!" he exclaimed in disbelief.

'Sure!" said Peter jovially, "Why not? They're all alike once you dig the right combination.

"Val was at boarding school with arla Foster two years," Doak Steb-Marla Foster two years," Doak Steb-bins said lugubriously. "Peter, I hate to spoil your girlish enthusiasm, but this time you've really bitten yourself off a hunk of buffalo chips.'

Beginning to react, Peter said anxiously, "What's the matter? Is she

crosseyed or something?"

Stebbins shook his head. "No Peter," he said, Marla's not crosseyed or knockkneed or anything like that. But I'll lay you odds she has you bowlegged before the job's done . . . if you can stick it.'

"Whaddyamean?" Peter ask suspiciously. "If she's a girl, I can't lose."

'I'll give you a bonus if you don't," said Stebbins, "Marla's supposed to have the morals of a mink . . . and the manners, too. No, I'll bet you two grand to one you don't have her tamed come Labor Day."

"Done," said Peter.

"And five bills more if you don't succumb to her nubile charms."

"That's out," Peter told him, "I'm no Goddam monk."

"As you wish," his friend told him. "Do you want to write out a check? Paddy can hold the stakes until fall,"

'Who's gonna decide whether this broad is tamed or not?" Peter asked. "You are," Stebbins told him.

Thus began what was beginning to look like the most frustrating experience in the life, to date, of Peter van Haick. At the end of the first week, it had looked like a cinch, and Peter was thanking his lucky stars he had



refused the chastity rider to the bet. If his sire remained insolvent, the two thousand Doak Stebbins dollars he would win should start him off on the school year. If he lost, there might be some unpleasantness. But Peter approached such problems cockily, with-

out thought of failure.

Now, at the end of three weeks, driving back to the Foster mansion on the leafy outskirts of town, crammed miserably into the cockpit of the little MG with Marla and China, he began to wonder what would happen if his father failed to recoup his fortunes by September. For once in his far from celibate young life, Peter felt himself whipped where a female was concerned. He didn't have a chance. Resentfully, he looked from China's sneering face to Marla's cool, pert profile and lush, golden, three-quarters-nude body as she tooled the little sports-car through the hedge-lined streets. How such an appealing outer envelop could contain so much sheer, sealed-in bitchiness lay as far beyond him as Jupiter lies beyond the orbit of Mars.

Mr. Foster was away in South America somewhere. Peter had wondered a little at a man owning such a magnificent estate and spending so little time in it, but he now understood all too well. His chief aim in life seemed to be to keep as much distance as possible between his womenfolk and himself.

Not that Mrs. Foster — Ora, as she insisted upon being called — was so bad. She was, in Peter's lexicon, merely goofy. A formerly ravishing and still attractive 40-year-old, she had a habit of making the most outspoken comments in the most well-bred manner and accents possible. Nor did it matter whom she was with - strangers, the servants, Marla or himself.

She was saying, as she toyed with a forkful of brochetted chicken livers, "I'm so pleased with Marla's progress under your tutelage, Peter. I know she'll have no trouble passing those dreadful exams when she goes back to Brynvas this fall." Then, with a benevolent smile, giving him a pat on the wrist, "I suppose it's all because she's having such a pleasant fulfillment, don't you?" And, when Peter looked blank, "I mean, we do work better when we're young and our seximpulses are satisfied."

To his shame, Peter felt his face begin to burn. Ora Foster trilled her silvery laugh and said, "Look at the dear, innocent boy blush! It's been such a long time since I've seen anyone blush. Really, I didn't think young people nowadays were capable of it." And so on.

Peter was not blushing with shock

at Ora Foster's frankness. He was blushing because, unless Marla was some sort of oddball, a sex-fulfilled summer was exactly what she was not getting. Thanks to circumstances beyond his control, Peter's failure in the stud department had ranged from the spectacular to the merely ignominous.

There had been no trouble about the studies, strangely enough. In their first session alone together, the lushly curved Marla had said, "Don't worry about my working, chum. If I don't get back into Brynvas this fall, I'll have to hang around this jerkwater college, and I have no intention of getting myself hung up here in the

Since he needed the money (both salary and bet), Peter had swallowed this insult to his alma mater - and it proved to be nothing to what he had subsequently to swallow, although Marla did stick to her word about the work. She came to each class almost letter-perfect, so much so that he had little to do, technically, to earn his pay and keep. It was the non-technical aspects of the job that were driving him close to the rim of his rocker.

They met, as usual, that afternoon, in his more than comfortable rooms over the garage, and he went through her work in the den. Then she produced a large, thin volume, which she had concealed under her other books, laid it on the desk and opened it. It contained a well and graphically reproduced painting of an orgy of Tiberius' spintriae, in the inevitable threesome, on first-century Capri.

She said, quite matter-of-factly, "If you still aren't yourself, I thought we could try some of these . . .

Once again, he felt himself blushing, and he knew he was going to be about as much use in an amorous way

as a capon after the cutting.

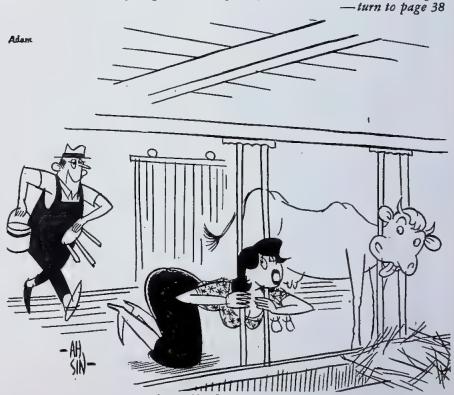
Despite the fact that Marla was obviously a spoiled brat of the worst water, Peter quite naturally had desired her from the first. After all, she was pretty, she was sexy, it was summer, she wore as few clothes as possible on all occasions, and they were young and in close proximity. Battle-tested on scores of fields of amour, Peter had been eager, nay ready, for the fray whenever it came. It had come just two weeks earlier, at the conclusion of their first week of tutoring lessons. Her green eyes nar-rowed, Marla had appraised him critically, there in his rooms over the garage, and said, "Man, there's an awful lot of you, Peter! Do you know what to do with it?"

"I've heard about these things," he had replied, reaching for her.

But she had spun away, saying, "Unh-unh, Peter. We're on my ground, and we're going to do it my

way."
"Any way you want it is good enough for Old Peter," he had replied, his eyes alight with the glow

of coming battle.
"First," she told him, assuming the role of teacher for a change, "there are certain preliminaries . . ." She had showed him what they were, explicitly, both in word and example.



- now see here, Mr. Summers, when I answered that ad for a milkmaid ---"



Speak for

where some old whiskers says my sex life is a fizzle—all blocked drives, inverted-reverted, and I didn't know from Lesson One, anyhow.

Of course, he didn't crack like that directly to me. Any bedrooms I hang around in are not decorated up with old sets of whiskers, framed diplomas from Freud U., or 1937 copies of Tes-

sie, the tantalizing Amœba.

But since I'm an average Joe, this guy was pointing his rusty scalpel right at me, and since he's only one of the disinfected dodos who've been sticking their probes, prods and whatevers into avocations I have always considered somewhat discreet, if not downright private, it browned me up like toast.

Where do these couch counselors get their info, anyway? Any guy wants to talk to me, he can do it on his feet, or at least sit up straight on the bar stool. Tales from a tear-stained sofa, drawn drapes, mirrors going blink! blink! and worrying about paying the tab can do things to the truth.

"Sex Liars Can Ruin You!" hollered this article, by Hepzidiah Socrates, M.D. The name has a familiar ring. Isn't he the guy with the GI haircut, bloused eyes and Ivy League white coat jumps at you from television, describing the latest scientific sweat strainer?

Anyhow, I thought the headline said "Sex Lairs," and decided to check up on it. Met some of my best friends in lairs. But here this old whiskers goes on to say I shouldn't listen to some traveling salesman recount his phoney parlor pranks. You know—"There I was, with nine naked babes, miles from the nearest whiffle-tree. Well, sir, by the time the sixth babe nibbled my ear—"

This Doc Socrates insists these tales limpen your libido, or jiggle your id, or something. He says these lairs—liars, dammit!—get you thinking you're not such a much after all, and that you might as well pack up your puny prowess and pogo-stick off to a monastery, hide out in a hermitage, or join the WCTU.

No such a thing! Sure, I listen to stories like that. I always want to see how they come out, and besides, if I don't listen to his stories, he won't listen to mine, and I've got a couple of beauts. I don't run home and throw

away my shaving cream and take to reading Tom Swift and his Automatic Houseboat because I don't feel like I'm a full-fledged male any more.

Since I'm an average frustrated American, as far as this nosey doc is concerned, my sex drive is running in low gear without a roadmap, and I'll get detoured up the old creek.

Know why? Because I dredged my sex information out of the gutter; I was influenced by Maggie and Jiggs (pocket size); I was surrounded all my life by blatant sex advertising, shushed when I asked where babies came from, kept a cache of girls' panties under my pillow, and probably had a childhood crush on the cat.



This is ridiculous. The family feline was a punch drunk old Tom with a cauliflower ear who beat hell out of every dog on the block and swung a mean left hook at any kid who got within three feet of him.

As for pirating the neighbor kid's panties—what with dusty bannisters, sand piles, and getting caught between bathrooms, those remodeled flour sacks were certainly no objects of adulation.

When I asked about babies, I was told: (1) Storks brought them. (Which I halfway believed, since our postman had the same scrawny neck and rheumy eyes as the one in the zoo.); (2) Babies came from under cabbage leaves. (An obvious falsehood, Cabbages smelled nothing at all like babies. If they did, cole slaw would have been a dirty word.); (3) From a seed. (Another lie, since I hunted all over the place for packages of baby seeds.); (4) None of your damned business. (True.); (5) Wait until you grow up. (When you can say the same thing to nosey little kids.)

Since there was always a girl decorating toothbrush boxes, Hupmobile posters, on the wrappers of Octagon Soap, stenciled on Fresh Ranch Eggs and smiling from packages of Miss Pinkerton's Pink Pills, I thought women were just that—decorations. They were like stickers of Tarzan, tattooed birds and bubble gum wrappers, only not half as pretty.

As for being influenced by Tillie the Toiler, I'll admit it, But don't tell me that each and every head shrinker himself didn't dabble in such enlightening literature. It was an institution, like Tom Mix and candy canes.

And as to the charge that I mined my sex information from the gutter—the only things I ever got out of the gutter were wet feet, a soggy seat (slippery cigar butt) and a muddy nickle once.

Now the information that came fro secret sessions under the front porch was something else. That doctor and nursie game is a treasure trove of knowledge, and imparts solid working experience for later, somewhat more serious anatomical adventuring.



The doc insists that European males, Oriental men, Kaffirs, Turks and Eskimos are all better suited to a normal sex life than I am. Howcome? Japanese stare at the backs of female necks, and Eskimos rub noses for kicks.

If this broad claim of the doc's is so, why did the English come up with that "Yankees are overpaid, oversexed and over here" routine? I remember a rounded little ATS (forerunner of the WAC) who didn't carry a pocketful of rocks to heave at Americans; and a pleasant, although AWOL, stay with a French chick in Oran, made me think pomaded Parisian jokers were overrated.

A weekend tour of Tokyo — and you don't have to get out of the Shimbashi

yerself, Doc!

Where do these couch counselors get

their info, anyway? The Average American male knows more — and does it better!

district—will prove the fallacy of male Oriental supremacy, but as for Eskimos—maybe so, maybe so. Those six-month nights, you know. But I haven't seen any dog sleds loaded with panting babes headed for the arctic circle.

And why is it, Doc, that thousands of dolls from Timbuctoo and points east and west, are bundled to the States with their GI husbands? And don't give me that "marrying for money" alibi. Many of those foreign cupcakes could put up a blue chip for every white one some highly-paid corporal could click, but they damned well were interested in something besides table stakes.

Tell me, Doc, why American movie he-men draw such legions of fluttering feminine admirers in Southampton, Bordeaux, Yokohama, Port-au-Prince and South Nostrovia, Siberia? Maybe the local lassies dream of something besides what the home grown products can offer?

Just because the average American male—me—doesn't hold down a harem (those import taxes, you know) attend lectures on the breeding habits of the whooping crane (who gives a whoop?) or recite on cue the sex life of the Duck-Billed Platypus, doesn't mean that he's a zero in the mathematics of romance.



So, Doc, if you'll let that couch cool, I'll out with my little notebook and call up a sweet thing who'll put your theories back under glass.

Know where she got her experience—since she's never been south of Seventh Avenue? From average guys like me—and that's not kicking she's doing—it's a little dance of anticipation.





"Damn you," said Applecheek. "Damn your fat house and your false face!"

When he sent out the news of his plight in Madam Miyoshi's Riding Academy, the laughter would echo from Seoul to Hong Kong.

HOSTAGE



DICK APPLECHEEK was probably the only newspaperman ever held for ransom by a Tokyo madam.

His name wasn't really Applecheek, but it could have been, what with the rosy glow of alcohol constantly upon his round, red face. His nose was a small apple, shiny, veined and some-

how spirited.

He was a round man in belly, stern and his outlook upon life in general. He was one hell of a reporter when he worked at it, but sometimes he didn't. There were times he didn't work at anything, much less at gathering the grimy facts of the terrible little war on the other side of the Sea

Applecheek officially worked at that war, but, filled to the straining of his rounded belly with the sights of it, he had worked out a system. He climbed the ragged mountains and waded the stinking paddies with the rest of them, but when he had had enough, he put on his round baseball cap and left his dusty typewriter to stare alone at the crack in the mud wall.

Then Applecheek commuted, He caught the 4:15 Special out of Kimpo Airport, and across the dark sea to the plane's only stop at International, in Tokyo.

Half the cabbies at the airport knew him by sight, for he always directed them, with much pointing of cigar shaped fingers, to the same destination — Madam Miyoshi's Riding Academy.

Although the names of its guests were a roster of newsdom, you couldn't call Miyoshi's a landmark. The house was half erased by the rubbings of many winds and the casual scrubbings of a thousand rains. It did not stand out from the houses on each side of it, except that it was larger - not with a new, brash bigness, but a pot-bellied, comfortable width. It was a fat, com-

placent house.

Because of its satisfied staidness, some photographer with a sense of the ridiculous called it the Riding Academy. It must be admitted the name had a certain truth, a particular value, or else it would have passed from usage. It would have been replaced by a succession of garish, hurried names like those flaunted by the raw concrete and tinsel houses along Shimbashi street.

Madam Miyoshi's Riding Academy might have become the Cherry Hotel, or the Jazz Club, or the Butterfly Bar -but it never would have survived under those names. Neither would Madam Miyoshi, that paragon of Oriental inscrutability.

The fat house, the darkened garden asleep inside the heavy gate, always kept Applecheek quiet until he was past the dwarf evergreens, into the -turn the page HOSTAGE, from page 19

yellow light of the entrance porch which spread its polished lap between two cabinets. One cabinet waited with shoes, boots, and a pair or two of geta standing apart from the foreigners on wooden toes; the other offered house slippers, all a uniform greybrown, and all with chrysanthemum petals embroidered upon their tips.

When Applecheek sat upon the porch under the fuzzy light and looked at his boots, a girl would slide back the door with the oak leaves between its rice paper panes, and kneel to re-

move them for him.

Since he always came silently, slowly, with the strain pressing in his round belly, he never understood how the girl knew he was there. It might be that she always stood behind the door and watched the worn, carefully chosen rocks that led to the circle of light, even into the old, tired hours before morning with the tears of night wet upon them.

When she lifted his feet into the embroidered slippers, he always tried to decide. Was she a butterfly resting a moment, flowered wings spread for the lift of the night wind, or was she yet wrapped tightly in a cocoon of silk, bound inside just so, just properly so with brocade cords, unknowing

in her house with no door.

Applecheek never knew, and he never asked, because once in the hall-way soft and smooth from the rubbings of many slippers, he forgot to wonder. The hall led to the reception room, and there he always roared, shouted out the strain in his belly, and only a small part of the noise was absorbed by the *tatami* mats beneath

his slippers.

Madam Miyoshi would appear from somewhere, the painted, powdered white of her face a *Noh* mask as false as those of the traditional dramas, her laquered hair a pagoda of terraces which grew heavy pins of jade and pearl.

Madam Miyoshi moved erectly, almost painfully rigid inside her heavy kimonas, leaning her back against the complicated folds of the *otieko* box

against her hips.

Then Applecheek would roar again, and follow her into one of the big rooms where *bibachis* with blue designs on them baked the air. She would bow stiffly to him as the girl seated him at a low teakwood table and poured hot *sake* into round, fragile cups.

Other girls would bring steaming platters of food, guarded at the sides by bowls heaped with virginal white rice, and always more sake warming

in translucent blue bottles.

One girl would pluck softly at an instrument that made sounds soba merchants sang through stiff lips on frosted mornings, off-key melodies out of place anywhere in the world but here.

Later, two of the girls would dance, stiffly, stylized — yet with the ancient grace of honed swords, the still beauty of squat idols in velvet pools with the haze of silvered gongs about them.

Applecheek would sweat with the bite of the liquor, with the dead pine taste of the *hibachis*, with the touch of small, pale hands upon him, and his belly would soften as the strain left it.

And from a corner where she

Alam Director

"This is one picture he isn't going to wind up shaking my hand and kissing his horse."

kneeled, ivory still, ivory hard, Madam Miyoshi watched.

During the next few days, Madam Miyoshi would look many times into the big room, while girls came and went on their wings of bright silk, bringing food and drink to the round man. When he started talking to the ready, unhearing ears they held still for him, Madam Miyoshi would slip quietly into the room and kneel, and listen to the strange words telling of pain and dirt. When the words stopped, the Madam left him to his girls, especially to the one who came more often than the rest, the very young girl.

One morning, Applecheek would roar no more. Then Madam Miyoshi would present her bill for payment, all services listed, correctly totaled. Applecheek would bring out the wallet, the money representing so many stories about sad, aching things, and he would

pay.

But one morning there was no wallet. It might have been beside an overturned jeep in a gutted village; it could have been left in the trampled mud floor of a tent where men with holes in them had been anxious to tell him things he might tell to others for them.

No matter where it had fallen, the wallet wasn't there this morning when Applecheek had roared himself out and the bill waited in Madam Miyo-

shi's long-nailed fingers.

He showed her his palms, empty, and the painted mask of her face did not change. While the girls watched her closely, in silence she listened to his promise to send the money. When he went for his clothes, they were not where he had seen them hung, and his boots were gone from the cabinet by the porch.

At a sign from the Madam, the young girl brough a pen and paper, and, flushing, placed them on the teakwood table. Then Applecheek knew that a messenger from this house would bicycle to the Press Club with a note—a ransom note.

His chief would bail him out, and the big laugh would spread from the Press Club bar. In Seoul, on Okinawa, in Hong Kong, newsmen would chuckle at the tale of Rick Applecheek held hostage for a madam's bill, a fat, kimonoed prisoner in a sexual debtor's jail.

Applecheek had been laughed at all his life, but he had never gotten used to it. Other kids laughed at his roundness at school, and a war back, other soldiers laughed at his ineptness. Newsmen didn't; his stuff was too good. They would now.

His helplessness boiled out and lashed at Madam Miyoshi. "Damn

you," he said, "damn your fat house, your false face!"

He said more, certain that she could not understand the edged phrases that struck also at himself. He admitted that he was a thief who stole time from a war, and said that she was worse, since she kidnaped souls.

Her geometrical face was imperturable. Madam Miyoshi's expressionless eyes remained fixed on his. When Applecheek had no more to say, he surrendered, and wrote the note. He thrust it at her and she moved from the room, her back stiff.

In the long hall, after the girls had pattered by, she leaned her forehead against the wall. After a moment, Madam Miyoshi turned into her own room to kneel before her mirror. The paint was damp, and the puckered scars of her cheeks showed, the mirror gloated over the twisted tissue, and for just a fragment of time, the rattle of carts outside the window was the throbbing of night bombers that carried fire in their stomachs.

Madam Miyoshi reached for her brushes and touched paint over her scars, hiding them, unable to heal them—no more than the wounds inside her could be healed. Those came from open pity and behind-the-fans laughter that made the fat house a prison.

She took the note the American had given her and tucked it into a box with other pieces of paper. She glanced back at the mirror. "Damn you!" she said to the image there.

A sweating, angry Buddha in a deserted room, Applecheek drank the sake the young girl continued to bring. He glared at her, his eyes making her an extension of the Madam, a part of the big joke.

She was small, even among the short trimness of these girls, and young—so untrained that there were moments of shy awkwardness, improper serving of the cups. Eyes lowered, she evaded Applecheek's glare.

He was afraid now, and restless with the other strain in his belly, the urging, the odd shame and a denied need to be so. For he could not stay too long from the war without thinking of the men in it who had no Miyoshi's to run to. His need to be one with them, respected, pushed past cynical knowledge and through dread, and he had to follow the need back to the ugly hills.

With the liquor fanning heat through him, he told the girl the things he could not say to his own kind, and unused, dusty words men would draw away from in embarrassment. He shouted them down the dark hall, too, where the Madam waited.

After he fell quiet again, Madam

Miyoshi brought him his clothes, and money for the taxi. Applecheek dressed swiftly and went down the hall and sat on the entrance porch.

He would not allow the girl to lace his boots, and she stayed kneeling at his feet until he stood up. Timidly, she touched the back of his hand, so softly that Applecheek did not notice, and he walked away through the old garden.

The girl stayed where she was, watching the sun dry the dew from the leaves, then she rose and went back into the big house to the farthest, smallest room. She felt between her sleeping yukata and her spare kimona, and drew out a purse. She counted out some notes, and put the others back. There were not many left.

Properly humble, she presented the money to Madam Miyoshi, and waited until the single thump of a fingernail against the final hundred yen note signified the amount was correct. Only then did she lift her eyes. The painted lips across the cold face before her did not move, but the Madam's old, old eyes said plainly that sake was an expensive gift of fools.

At the foot of a dark Korean mountain, just where a path full of dust separated the wet mouth of a rice paddy from the rocks, Rick Applecheek was killed. The sun filtered through the green growing rice and made patterns on him. It was not long until the sun made him rounder than he had ever been before, and his belly puffed up and strained at his belt.

Behind the sliding panels of a rice paper door with the pattern of leaves on it, a girl waited. If she had flowered wings, they were limp. If her *obi* tied her into a cocoon, she had nibbled a hole in it.

She watched the edge of yellow light, out where it touched the worn rocks of the nobedan crossing the garden. Applecheek had been right; she was always there, as quiet and lonely as the last, unused hours of the night. When she turned away at last, the old, old eyes of Madam Miyoshi would say fool! fool! and the young girl would bow and return to the smallest room.

Only then would the Madam slide the wooden bar into place across the door, although she knew the round man would never return. She had heard other guests tell each other of his death.

All that remained of him in this house of hers was a scrawled, angry note and the understanding she had of his fear.

And, of course, the patient hope of the girl.

Madam Miyoshi washed away the mask, silently repeating the saying of the wise men — that like the bamboo, one must bend before the wind or be broken by it. But only the old are wise.

She looked into the hated mirror and asked herself what could one do when the paint was gone. Stiffly, she leaned to blow out the candle, and eased painfully into bed. Her scars went all the way down her body, but the unseen ones carried more pain. Softly, she cried.

If any of the girls heard the sounds, they must have thought it was the wind feeling across the roof tiles, for they all knew that Madam Miyoshi never cried.



"... you tried her around the block — is she a bargain or isn't she! . . . "

In WESTERN Europe, in 1958, the Brussels World's Fair has been the big noise. From all over this planet, exhibitors, propagandists and just plain tourists have streamed to the Belgian capital. Political, industrial and cultural interests have jockeyed endless in the competition to make their several products look best in the eyes of the world.

However, as every adman knows, the best possible advertisement for anything from a harvester to a Bikini bathing suit is a pretty girl with a minimum of clothing to mask her enticing curves—and the prettier the girl, the less clothing, the better the propaganda. In this regard, the Belgian capital comes already magnificently equipped, thanks to astute showman Jean Omer and his fabulous Brussels cabaret, le Boeuf sur le Toit.

Translated into literal English, le Boeuf sur le Toit means "the Bull on the Roof"—rather an unlikely name for a nightspot whose stock in trade is girls, girls and still more girls, all lovely, all talented and all delighted to reveal the curves nature (not Vic Tanney) gave them to a rapturous if slightly goggle-eyed public in an absolute



minimum of garmentage. Furthermore, these adorable and deliciously overexposed creatures don't even perform on the roof of the joint.

Yet, for some reason, the name le Boeuf sur le Toit is a famous one in the annals of Bistro Boulevard. The original Boeuf, back in the Paris of the champagne-washed 1920's, was a sort of pre-existentialist existentialist hangout, which had such a vogue in its day that other Boeuf's were opened around the world, including one in New York City. The name, by the way, comes from the title of a composition by famous French modernist-composer Darius Milhaud. But no Boeuf was ever like the Brussels Boeuf.

Incidentally, that is Bob Hope in the tiny photograph above and to the right. The great American comic is shown while trying to brace Boeufowner Jean Omer for the telephone numbers of some of his well-cuticled



NUDE AND LOVELY!!!











This is a Brussels Fair that has been open for 21 years!





From dusk till dawn, the pulchritude parade goes on in Brussels' lavish Boeuf sur le Toit!



cuties, softening his pitch with a lardeing of compliments on the high, high, high quality of the beef on display. Or perhaps he merely wants one of them

to help out as a baby-sitter.

Owner Omer, a former dance-band leader in New York and for the Columbia Broadcasting System, probably knows more about what the American tourist likes to shoot his wad on than any other European inpresario. He believes in wine, women and music, at the latest hours and the fairest prices the going will stand. And, of course, nudes, near-nudes and more nudes.

However, neither Omer's eminently successful show policy nor the hours at which he displays his showgirls and specialty numbers derive directly from the dollar-paying customer's tastes. Omer, tired of fronting a band on a succession of one-night stands, returned to Brussels to open his boite in 1937, less than three years before the Nazis moved in to occupy Belgium for five miserable years.

The Germans issued some rather odd ordinances where night-life was concerned. They banned dancing and dance-music, but encouraged the display of nudity as being in accord with the best theories of the master (or mistress) race. Then they clapped on a curfew that forbade citizens of Brussels to use their own streets between the

hours of 11 p.m. and 6 a.m.
It looked like a real gasser of a problem from the point of view of a cabaret owner - but Omer, being a resourceful entrepreneur came up with a dream solution. Knowing how averse your true night owl is to turning in before dawn, he decided to remain open all night, every night, putting on an endless succession of acts as nude as they were beautiful.

Result—the Boeuf is going stronger than ever, in its 22nd year. And Brussels will continue to have a funand-frolic tourist draw long after its official fair closes!





That she could have such an affair with such a man had been beyond her comprehension and wildest dream.

by MARTIN COURTNEY

ALICE RAINEY, like Truth, was at the bottom of the well when Parker Fairchild picked her up—a well of near-total despondency. She was sitting alone at the Three Brothers' bar, waiting with mounting hopelessness for Tony Lannen to keep their date for dinner and the movies. She had been sipping the same watery Tom Collins for upwards of half an hour, not wishing to be too loaded when, as and if Tony did show.

It was the third straight time Tony had been either outrageously late or, as had happened two weeks before, stood her up altogether. Alice sipped the watery dregs of her drink through a straw, making a loud, sucking sound. She knew all too well the cause of Tony's dereliction after almost a year of their going together. It was a grotesquely stacked cherry-blonde named Gert, with a voice like a sawmill and the morals of an alley-cat, who had moved into the car-rental office Tony ran, ostensibly to act as receptionist.

According to Tony, Gert was remarkably efficient and willing - a great deal too willing as far as Alice was concerned. She pulled viciously on her straw again with sultry, sulky vermilion lips, found the noise satisfactorily insulting.

"Are you aiming those derogatory sounds in my direction?" asked the man who had moved onto the next

stool some five minutes earlier.

"I'm sorry," said Alice, faintly embarrassed. "I was thinking of someone else."

'I hope it's a woman," he remarked, amused, if the tone of his voice meant

Alice turned her head to look at him for the first time. She had noted him casually when he sat down, but the Three Brothers' was dark like the bulk of Hollywood's saloons, and, in her concentration on her own misery, she had not paid him much attention. After all, she was waiting for Tony.

Like most girls who had grown up around Hollywood, Alice considered its film-capital aspects as something entirely apart from the facets of normal living. She knew she was pretty and well built, but neither pretty nor well-built nor talented enough to endeavor to crack the magic gates of moviedom. She earned her comfortable bi-weekly salary as bookkeeperaccountant for a small but prosperous electronics firm with a flock of Air Force missile subcontracts.

When she found herself actually looking into the photogenic features of Parker Fairchild, her immediate reaction was that it wasn't happening, that it couldn't be real. Fairchild, a successful young movie and television leading man, didn't belong in a neighborhood bar like the Two Brothers' — he was strictly of a species that inhabits the glittering boites and cafes of Beverly Hills, the Sunset Strip and Restaurant Row on La Cienega.

He said, as she jacked up her lower jaw and dropped her upper lids to remove her cerulean-blue eyes from staring position, "Well, which is it you're insulting? Man or woman?"

"Both," said Alice.

The actor regarded her thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "Stood up, eh? You're much too pretty to be stood up."

"I'd rather not talk about it," she told him. Then, rather to her amazement, since she was usually shy with strangers, she heard herself say, "What

about you?"

"Not stood up," he told her, "Fed up up to here!" He ran the edge of a hand across his throat. "Incidentally, my name is Fairchild . . . Parker to you."

"I know," she said, her shyness returning in an overwhelming counterattack. -turn the page

LAST DANCE, from page 27

"That," he told her smiling, "is always balm to the ears of a ham. What name do you answer to, beautiful?"

"Alice," she told him. Rainey. And I'm not beautiful."

"You'll do," he replied, surveying her from pony tail to ankles with a frankness that made her face burn. "At least," he added, "until the girls from Venus show up.'

It was a long time since Tony had called her even attractive, and she felt her face grow hotter. She said nothing, because she could not sort out all the words that came tumbling to her tongue in her confusion. But Parker picked up the ball.

"I just finished a film," he told her. "I'm let down to my shoetops. They're holding a big wrap-up party out at the studio . . . hundreds of people . . . I couldn't face it. I cut out and fled and stopped in here because I wanted a drink. Shall we have another?'

She drank with him, hopeful and fearful at once that Tony would show up during the miracle. She was hopeful, because her being with the actor would show him she wasn't quite so easily to be taken for granted, fearful because of the scene she knew he would make. Tony had always been frightfully jealous where she was concerned, ever since they had first made real love, on the front seat of his car,

one rainy night on Mulholland Drive, high up in the Hollywood hills.

But Tony didn't show. When Fairchild finished his drink, he tossed a bill on the bar. Turning to Alice, he said, "How would you like to come for a drive?" Then, reading her expression correctly, "You needn't be afraid - I'll take you wherever you want to go. Come on - I need charming company, and you need something to show your boyfriend how blind he

Alice found herself saying, "You know, I think I'd like it very much."

His car was a natty little Facel Vega, rather than the monster Cadillac or glittering foreign sports-car she had half-expected, but it rode and handled as smooth as satin. They drove out Malibu way, past the sweeping lawns and lush estates of Beverly Hills and Westwood, then north along the Coastal Highway. They said little, each of them riding with his or her thoughts, enjoying the sense of motion, oddly reassured by one another's presence. He pulled off the highway after about half an hour and halted at a deadend on a bluff overlooking the Pacific over which the summer sun lay

"You know, Alice," he said as he lit her a cigaret, and then one for himself, "you're a very remarkable combination.'

"I'm new here. When's the coffee break?"

"How so?" she asked.

"You're not only decorative, you're restful," he told her. "How come you haven't been caught in the ratrace?"

"I don't know," she said. "I guess I never thought much about it. Im

just a girl.'

"The understatement of the week," he assured her. "Being just a girl, especially an attractive one, is a rarity these days . . . and least in the circles I move in."

"You must be in a rut," she said, laughing a little at his intensity, "The woods are full of us."

He said, "I must confess there's a certain method in my apparent madness, Alice. I don't want to go home. Some friends of mine have a beach house around the next point, and they've given me a key. How about a drink and a swim before the sun goes down. We can eat later."

"I haven't a suit," she said, caution

stirring within her.

"There'll be stuff there," he promised, pushing the starter button.

It was obviously a movie-colony beachhouse — new and luxurious and equipped with every conceivable convenience. They had a drink on the porch, and then Parker dug out swimsuits and towels and said, "Pile into this. I'll meet you on the beach.'

As she undressed and wormed her way into the brief two-piece suit briefer by far than any she had worn before - Alice wondered just how she had got herself into this. She wondered, a bit wistfully, how long the magic would last -- also, if were waiting for her, and if the bartender had told him.

The sand was soft beneath her bare feet, and the slow-rolling water delightfully cool. Scorning a cap, Alice let her brown hair float free as she raced her unexpected companion into the gentle surf. They dived under a foaming wave together, came up on the far side, laughing and wet. She noted the trim, suntanned leanness of his long body as he emerged on a shallow sandbar with the water barely up to his knees.

However, she was not the only one noticing. His own eyes took in every curve of her lithe, slim, yet opulent young figure. His eyebrows rose a notch or two and his mouth pursed in a long, low whistle. He said, "I know a lot of movie dolls who'd pay Vic Tanney a small fortune for a chassis

like that!

She felt herself blush again and tried to dive under again. But he caught her with a surprisingly strong grip and held her upright, squirming. "Don't tell me you're ashamed of being beautiful!" he said in disbelief.
"I—I'm just modest," she replied.

His dark eyes burned into her as he assimilated the remark, yet his grip on her waist did not abate. Then, the laughter gone from his lips, he pulled her irresistibly to him and his hard, salty lips sought and found hers. A sudden tidal wave of sheer sensuality swept over her, and she gave a little moan as her scantily clad young curves melted into the angularities of his frame...

Her limbs locked around him, and, losing balance, they fell, splashing, in the shallow water. His hands found the fastening of her bra and undid it, letting the double fulness of her breasts tumble free. Then they were at her trunks, and she was powerless to resist as he drew them down along the smooth, straight shafts of her legs. Then, abruptly, he let her go and stepped out of his own briefs — and then, once more, his arms and lips reached eagerly for her, and she responded in kind...

When it was over, he pushed the flat, damp strands of water-dark hair from her face and said softly, "It's no wonder there are so many fish in the

sea."

They stumbled out of the water, back onto the sand, like Adam and Eve, their arms entwined about each other's waists, and Alice loved the pressure of his nude hip against hers. She said, "The suits! How will be find them?"

"Don't worry about that," he told her with a gentle laugh, pressing her close. She barely noticed that the sun had gone down in a furious, red-andgold afterglow. On the porch, he said, "Darling, I suppose we ought to go

somewhere and eat."

But they had a drink instead, still naked, letting the soft twilight breeze dry their skin. And then they kissed again, and, somehow, made their way to a bedroom, where they fell into each other's arms once more. They never did get around to eating in the face of their far greater hunger for

physical rapture together . .

Alice awoke suddenly in nearabsolute darkness — and utter panic. Worse, after switching on the light in the bedroom, she found herself alone. Swiftly she got out of bed and searched the beach-house - but her lover was really gone, as was his car from the carport outside. Feeling sudden, sick fear, blended with self-disgust, she scrambled into the clothes she had so foolishly discarded hours earlier, before the swim whose magic had turned to slime. The electric clock atop the playroom bookshelves read 11:30, and she dialed information to get the number of a cab with shaking fingers. Luckily, she thought, it was payday, and she had plenty of money in her handbag.

It cost her the better part of a twenty-dollar bill to reach the haven of her own snug little apartment just off Franklin Avenue, back in Hollywood. Nor did it prove exactly a haven, for a sullen, furious Tony was parked against the curb. When he tapped his horn and called out to her, she had to join him.

He said, "Nice deal, Alice . . . standing me up for that hamster. Yeah, I heard all about it. How come he didn't keep you overnight or drive you home? Weren't you good enough

or him?"

"That's not true!" she protested. "He had to see a producer, so he had to send me home."

"Har de har-har!" Tony hooted derisively. "You've cooked up some dandy little fantasies lately, Al, but this one is strictly off the top. Level off, honey, where'd you really spend the evening . . . in a movie?"

"But it's true!" said Alice, her eyes stinging with tears. Perhaps she had told a white lie about Parker's having to see a producer and sending her home in a cab—perhaps she had made up other stories when Tony stood her up before or was late—but these weren't really lies. They were merely protection for her pride, a bulwark against the humiliation he seemed to delight in inflicting on her.

"If it is true," said Tony roughly,
"Then you're not. Asking me to believe a bigshot like Fairchild wanted
you, I'll bet the minute he got you
outside the joint and got a look at you
in the sunlight, he ran like a thief."
"He didn't!" cried Alice, furious.

"He didn't!" cried Alice, furious.
"He . . ." She tailed off as she realized she could hardly tell Tony the

truth.

"He what?" mocked Tony. "Don't ask me to believe he made a pass at you." Then, starting the car, "Good night, skinny. See you in the gossip columns!" She could hear his laughter, above the sound of the engine,

all the way to the corner.

Alice hardly left her apartment all weekend. She was too shattered by the entire experience, which began to assume the texture of a dream, and the hours rolled between herself and the reality she had experienced. Finally, late Sunday afternoon, she got her little 1952 Chevvy out and drove up to Malibu through the traffic. She almost passed the beach-house of Parker's friends before she recognized it, but there it was, real and solid, of timbers and freestone and glass. On the way back, she decided the best thing to do was to forget all about it, to treat her humiliation as if it had never occurred.

Tony, however, had other ideas. On

— turn to page 33



"An artist must feel what he paints, Miss Lamar!"



Their inferior strength makes it an ideal equalizer, but one criminologist thinks the cruel wench also enjoys seeing the dying brute suffer!

POISON IS A WOMAN'S WEAPON



by JOHN CALHOUN

THE BEAUTIFUL woman and the young Roman soldier touched goblets and looked over the silver rim into each other's eyes as they sipped their wine. The woman took her goblet from her dainty lips and placed it on a little table beside a couch deep with gold embroidered cushions. Then she watched the man, a half smile showing the whiteness of her teeth. As he drained the last drop of wine, a look of uncertainty came into his eyes, followed by one of surprise. Then pain contorted his face and the goblet fell to the marble floor as his fingers clutched in agony at his stomach. He directed a strangled curse at the woman as he sagged to the floor to lie writhing beside the goblet.

The woman watched the young soldier with interest but she made no move to help him. When his death struggles were over, she stooped and picked up the goblet. At a little fountain nearby, she rinsed away the traces of the poisoned drink and placed it on the table beside her own. This done, she clapped her small hands to summon palace guards to remove the body. The lady was Cleopatra and the corpse was that of a young lover who shortly before had known her charms.

Down through the ages poison has been a woman's weapon. Their inferior strength makes it an ideal equalizer in a dispute with a brawny male. Besides this obvious assumption, the experts have provided us with more reasons why the ladies prefer the deadly herbs to a more direct approach with a sword or a gun.

Commander George Hatherill, Chief of Scotland Yard, is of the opinion that women are much more cruel than men. Men are usually content with a quick dispatch, but once a woman is aroused to kill she prefers to see her victim suffer. She enjoys the drama in the facial expressions of a man who first realizes, after a bite of food or sip of wine, that something is wrong. She is spellbound by the death cries, by her mastery over the brute who a few moments before could have bent her to his will with one sinewy hand.

A spat between Cleopatra and Marc Antony caused her to go on a poisoning spree that did away with a succession of lovers whom she encouraged only to make the mighty Marc jealous. Their fate was a warning to Marc of what she could do to him if she chose.

The temptress may have been able to lure other Roman soldiers to her bed and then to their death, but as far as Marc was concerned her charms were not as irresistable as she supposed. He never entered her bed or even her house again.

Motives that lead women into the

role of poisoners are self preservation, greed and sex. More than fifteen hundred years after time put an end to the dispute between Antony and Cleopaetra, Lucrezia Borgia, daughter of a Pope, took delight in watching strapping young men thrash about the cold stone floor of her palace in the gray light of dawn. She exulted in their torment. When they were dead, she exulted as the final conqueror of the lusty male to whom she had given herself freely all night.

Eleanor of Acquitaine and Theodora of Constantinople were both rulers of their respective lands. Many an ambitious male cast a covetous eye toward a throne that was occupied by a woman. Luckily for the two feminine rulers, each was endowed with ample charms befitting her sex. The name of an aspirant to unseat her from the throne was quickly brought to the little lady by her spies. Her next move was to invite the gent to her castle and lavish him with attentions that would lull any suspicions he might have concerning her motives. Then quickly, without any muss or fuss, he was given a lethal dose of whatever poison the lady fan-

Arsenic, from the beginning, has remained woman's number one choice of all possible poisons. It has always been — turn the page







POISON, from page 30

readily available, odorless, difficult to detect, and dependably effective. Some Roman women tried mixing toadstools into their most savory dishes. This worked fine sometimes but there were many cases in which mushrooms were used by mistake and the intended victim merely stretched out comfortably after a pleasant meal. Arsenic has proved the most satisfactory for an effective dispatch. Also arsenic quickly renders the victim incapable of retaliation by the time he knows for certain that he has been poisoned. During the middle ages and early years of the Renaissance, arsenic was used quite freely by designing ladies to clear a path to the throne for a husband, lover or son. The white powder was well known in royal circles by the name 'Accession Powder."

Death ended the reign of Francois the Second of France, eldest son of Catherine De Medici, a short two years after he had come to the throne. The lad had been weak-willed and ineffectual in his demands upon the people. Under his rule the country was torn by civil strife. His proud, strong-willed mother looked with disgust at her eldest son's attempts to be a sovereign. Then she looked at her younger boy, Charles, who she felt had the makings of a true monarch. One night, Francois, who was in good health, passed away quietly and suddenly. People of the court who suspected that he had been poisoned kept silent, in fear of their own lives, while a proud mother watched her youngest son installed on the throne.

Marta of Innsbrook had a lover named Rudolph who had aspirations toward the throne of the German principality. The only thing that stood in his way was the existence of Marta's loving husband, Frederick. Marta, known to historians as The Ugly Duchess, was moved by the flattering attentions of her lover. Moved to the extent that she tampered with Frederick's glass of port, thus making room for

Rudolph to take his place on the throne.

A few reasons have been mentioned why a woman prefers poison to other less subtle means of disposing of anyone who poses a threat to her security. There are others that show the inherent quality of feminine daintiness. Most women dislike violence or the sight of blood. Obviously a woman can't shoot a man, stab him, or club him to death without mussing up her boudoir or whatever spot she chooses to do him in. Poison is a silent weapon not likely to attract the neighbors.

Queens and other rulers usually got away with their deeds, at least in this world, but women of humbler rank find it necessary to cover their act pretty shrewdly or pay the piper. Marie LaFarge was a gorgeous creature who stood in the prisoner's box of one of France's courtrooms back in 1840 accused of poisoning her spouse. Marie, tears in eyes and skirt delicately lifted, denied the charge. She admitted that her husband, whom she considered a provincial slob, had started her disillusionment on their wedding night with his coarse talk and rough handling. His completely practical approach to sex was devoid of refinement and left her shuddering with disgust. She wanted to be rid of him but what could she do? Divorce, in those days, was out of the question. Then one day Monsieur LaFarge took sick. His condition became steadily worse and his death resulted in a few short days.

Marie's in-laws suspected that she had poisoned their son. They screamed their suspicions to all who would listen. Neighbors came forward and told of the terrible bickerings that had gone on in the LaFarge household. Soon aroused public opinion caused the body of Monsietur LaFarge to be exhumed. An autopsy revealed traces of arsenic about the corpse. Marie was brought to trial. She was convicted and sentenced to life at hard labor. Law students still argue the point as to whether or not the homicide was justifiable.

About forty-five years later. Just before the turn of the century, a comely woman, Mrs. Edwin Bartlet, was more fortunate. An English court acquitted her in the chloroform poisoning of her husband. Just how the chloroform got into the gentleman's stomach remains a mystery, but the events leading up to its arrival there made one wonder at the verdict.

First of all, Edwin was very wealthy and equally stingy. He even refused to send for a doctor when his wife was straining to give birth to their child. As a result, the child died. Edwin also entertained a peculiar viewpoint on the act of sex. Intercourse was devised for the conception of children and that alone. Only once in all their married

life did his wife share his bed.

Now, Mrs. Bartlet was a young woman and shared the yearnings of other young women. She eventually met a young man of whom she became very fond. It was not long before Edwin got wise to the fact that she had a lover who was kindling up the fires that he had let grow cold. He was furious but he would not grant her a divorce. If she left him under these circumstances, she would be penniless.

The knowledge that his wife had betrayed their marriage plagued at Edwin's nerve fibres gradually robbing him of his ability to sleep. Fatigued, he went to a doctor for something to ease the tension. Chloroform was the only tranquilizer with which the doctor was familiar, so he prescribed small

doses to be inhaled.

Fortified by a few good nights' sleep, Edwin confronted the lovers with the news that he intended to cut his wife out of his will. Before he could accomplish this, he mysteriously died, and a goodly amount of chloroform turned up inside his stomach. All circumstantial evidence pointed to the fact that his wife got it there, but there was not enough real evidence to convict her.

At the present time in a convent in Loudun, France, lives a plain, elderly woman named Marie Bresnard. Her voice is as soft as her charming smile. She putters about, running errands for the good sisters of the convent. Only occasionally do the sisters catch a malevolent stare in the small, beady eyes to remind them that this woman has reputedly poisoned thirteen people, Victims of this quiet old lady included her husband, her in-laws, her own parents, and a couple who made the fatal mistake of renting a room in her house.

First tried in 1952 she is still at large because of technicalities that have arisen during that and a subsequent trial. Now the country of France has trimmed down the charges to seven homicides and will have a go at mak-

ing these stick.

Authorities agree that Madame Bresnard's reason for killing is her love of money, and her total disregard for the manner in which she obtains it. Next to money she loves property, houses, goods, and, perhaps, even the prestige of having more funerals than anyone

else in the neighborhood.

France hopes to get a conviction when Marie goes to trial for the third time. Dropping the six counts that they were not able to prove may do the trick. This leaves the lady with six murders that she will technically get away with, but the penalty for the remaining seven should leave that a hollow victory. For the sake of us men let's hope it does.

LAST DANCE, from page 29

Tuesday, he sent her a clipping from a gossip column in which a paragraph stated that Parker Fairchild was flying to Rome to resume his wooing of a notorious international glamour girl. Underneath it, Tony had penciled, Looks like you got competition, babe!! After reading it, Alice had to fight not

He was almost on time for their regular Friday night date, ostentatiously looking around the Three Brothers' and remarking loudly, "Where's your movie-star Romeo, Ally? Hiding in the powder room?" It proved to be an extremely unpleasant evening.

Nor was that the end of her persecution. Tony sent her another clipping about "handsome Parker Fair-child's sizzling romance with Leota Haynes, ex-wife of . . ." Alice promised herself that, the next time Tony called, she would tell him off and say good-bye to him forever. But when he did call, it was to tell her he had tickets for a splashy benefit party at one of the big hotels in Beverly Hills.

Friday night, with the shops open late, Alice bought-herself a dream of a new evening dress, a smart-shop markdown whose simplicity appealed to her as did the things it did for her coloring and curves. She knew it was cut above Tony's appreciation-level where women were concerned, but she couldn't resist it. Saturday, she spent at the beauty parlor, having her brown hair trimmed and shaped and waved to obviate her pony-tail. She was intensely grateful to Tony for asking her, and decided the only sensible, not to say smart, thing to do, was to start living again with what she had at hand namely Tony.

She should have known better. When he picked her up, Tony had Gert with him, looking to Alice like a poorly put-together assortment of overblown balloons about to burst, covered with an outrageously frilly costume that made her look like a dairymaid in a low-grade burlesque skit. "You don't mind Gert's coming with us," said Tony, "There's another guy joining us at the party."
"I hope," giggled Gert.
"You and me both," said Tony.

Alice felt the bottom drop out of her only just rearranged world. She had never been so alone in her life and held herself miserably as close against the side of the car, away from them, as possible.

If possible, the party was even worse than she had reason to fear. It was one of those tremendous benefits, with several hundred present in a huge, brightly lit ballroom. Nor was her morale improved when, after they were seated at their sideline table, Tony calmly plucked the bulging Gert from her chair and said, "Come on, hon, let's dance."

He did not even excuse himself to Alice, who sat there in misery, watching the assured, gaily dressed, laughing couples glide past. She stood it as long as she could, then rose and headed for the powder room, where she could weep in seclusion. Tony could only have brought her here, she decided, to humiliate her — and she had endured about all the humiliation she could stand within the past month.

She was moving blindly across the soft grey carpet in the lobby when a pair of male arms seized her and swung her about. "Hold it, darling," a familiar voice said. "You're not getting away from me this time.'

Incredibly, it was Parker, looking amazingly handsome in black tie and dinner jacket. Without a word, he led her out of the hubbub to a bar-lounge across the lobby, where they could enjoy the comparative seclusion of a booth.

"You could," he told her reproving-"at least have left a glass slipper. I've been going out of my mind wondering what happened, what I'd done to offend you. When I woke up that wonderful night at the beach, you were sound asleep, and I was hungry. So I went out and loaded up with everything from smoked turkey to potato salad. When I got back, you were vanished without even leaving a fingerprint."

A great surge of relief went coursing through her, leaving her weak and close to laughter at her own quickto-assume-the-worst idiocy. Yet she could not resist saying, "I saw by the

papers how lonely you were in Rome."
"I went over there to do some retakes on a film," he said, taking one of her small hands in both of his large ones. "The press agent built the romance. By that time, I just didn't give a damn. I had ceased believing you were real. But the devil with that . . . you're here. More important, so am I. Did you know I was on tap to do a bit on this show tonight?"

She shook her head, realizing the extent of Tony's perfidy in plotting to confront her with a celebrity he did not believe she even knew. "I woke up that night," she said, "and you were gone and so was your car and to were gone and so was your car. were gone, and so was your car, and I guess I went a little bit crazy." She went on to tell him what had happened. Incredibly, now that she was with him again, it was funny . . . or almost funny.

"You poor angel" he said softly. "You must have thought me even more of a heel than I am. It would be the one time the cab service got there in a hurry." Then, leaning toward her, "Still sore?"

She shook her head and let him kiss her right there in semi-public. He got up and helped her to her feet. He said, "Now that I've found you again, I'm not letting you out of my sight for a long time to come, if ever. Come on, darling, let's get the hell out of this Grand Central Station. They've got so many acts on the show tonight they'll never miss little ol' me.'

'All right," she agreed. "But, Par-

ker, do me one favor first.' Anything," he told her.

"Take me in there"—she nodded toward the ballroom— "and dance with me,"

"In that mob scene?" he asked. "In that mob scene," she replied.

He tugged at the ends of his tie and offered her his arm ostentatiously. "Come, Colonel," he told her gruffly. "We must be off for the Sudan in the morning. Only hope my old wound doesn't reopen when the Arabs ambush us."

"You're crazy," she said softly,

looking up at him with shining eyes.
"Of course," he countered. "Aren't you?"

"I have a reason," she assured him. "Well, here goes," he said, taking a deep breath and squaring his shoulders on the edge of the ballroom floor.

He was heaven to dance with, as she had known he would be. She fitted into his body as if the two of them were one, and her feet floated in perfect accord with his. As they glided and spun slowly through the press, she looked over his broad shoulder in search of her tormentors.

Couples after couples moved in and out of her range of vision, but Tony and the plump Gert were not among them. She began to fear, as they completed a rotation around the huge floor, that they had left, for the table was still empty. It occurred to her that seeking a moment of triumph might be just a trifle cheap.

And then she caught sight of Gert's big behind, wabbling like a pair of satin cushions, and of Tony's dark, to her no-longer-handsome face — and

caught his eye.

He looked at her blankly, then with recognition. She spun and, as his face reemerged in view, she saw he had spotted Parker. His mouth was hanging open, his eyes bulging, and he dropped his arms from about Gert. She protested and turned and saw them, and her face, too, went glassy.

Looking up at her new man, her new life, she said, just loud enough to be heard above the music, "I've had enough, Parker. Let's get out of here where we can be by ourselves."

"Come on!" he told her. That was all . . . but it was enough.





With his fantastic power, Damon could give his clients endless bliss or damn them to eternal hell.

"chee-chee, baby"

by NICK BURBELIS

masterful hypnotist. Very early in his career he performed on the stage but, being eager for riches, he quit. And, being shrewd, he found a vital need to fill.

He talked to husbands and they all seemed to have the same complaint. Because he was very young then, he was astounded. Their complaint should have been heard only from men who were not married. But he wasted no time pondering the cause of the problem and he let it become known that he had the remedy.

Soon husbands were swarming to him for his service and he became so fantastically successful that he began to guarantee full refund of money if the man was not completely satisfied.

He used the perfect technique from the beginning but was forced to modify it somewhat, to make certain that the control remained with the husband. Several of his first clients died in sanitoriums, mere husks of the men they once were.

This grieved Damon but he found consolation in the thought that they had achieved what they wanted above everything else in the world, And he had helped them as nobody else could.

One day, while Damon was resting in his extravagant penthouse, a pudgy Mr. Conrad Oaks called. Damon neverhad an office nor did he ever hang a shingle; for his fame, though whispered, was extensive. And his fee grew with his fame.

When Oaks entered, Damon quickly perceived that here was a miser, a man who strangled a worthless penny with his hold upon it. Damon felt sympathy for the man's wife; even for her obstinacy in this case.

Oaks cleared his throat violently. Obviously, this was a mannerism that he used to intimidate.

"Yes, my good man?" said Damon, nonchalantly. What he was about to hear was such an old story now he no longer enjoyed it. Invariably, it began

like all the others.

Oaks' pot belly strained against his Harris tweed coat. He twirled a brown Homburg. Damon shuddered at this taste in clothes.

"About my wife . . ." Oaks began, falteringly, "I want you to know . . . she's a wonderful woman. But . . . she doesn't . . ."

"Of course, of course," Damon interrupted, "You wouldn't be here if she did."

Oaks shifted belligerently, then sat in a chair Damon pointed out to him. He mopped his red brow. Then narrowing his shifty eyes, with the dollar signs in them, he began again, "I work hard, all hours, making money. I don't have the time nor the inclination for the ridiculous love play she wants. Y'understand?"

"Forgive me," said Damon, "That's the one thing I have never been able to understand. I've always found that part enjoyable."

Oaks cleared his throat and said, "You're not married!"

"True. But . . . if variety is your requirement . . . why not play away from home? You've made it plain that you're rich."

"Bah! Too expensive! Pleasure's not worth the cost!"

Damon smiled. "I suppose it's how you look at it. But never mind going into details. If you want my service, which I guarantee without reservations, it will cost you one thousand dollars."

"What?" Oaks sputtered, a trickle of saliva playing across his fat lips. "Outrageous!"

"Sorry . . . That's my fee."

Oaks squirmed. His brow twisted, knotted and Damon could almost hear the computer that was his brain. Then the brow smoothed.

Oaks beamed and snapped, "Agreed! Here is my check. But don't forget satisfaction guaranteed or money back!"

"Absolutely. I'll have it no other way. Now — will tomorrow night be

"You will know every
delicious delight and
ecstasy a human can endure,"
droaned Damon.

fine with you?"

Oaks nodded and then Damon added, "When you get home tonight tell your wife that you met an old friend at the club. You do belong to a Club?"

"No. No. I'll say I met you in a cafeteria!"

Damon smiled as he continued, "Tell her that you invited me to dinner and that I'm a hypnotist of sorts. Could she possibly believe that? I mean—that you would spend money on dinner for anyone?"

Oaks scowled viciously at that and Damon prevented a violent outburst by continuing. "Now," he said, "I must know the pet name you used for her. Before you married — of course. One that no one else could possibly know."

"What?" Oaks cried out, "What for?"

"Part of the treatment," said Damon reassuringly.

Oaks stammered. Nothing intelligible came from his mouth.

Damon chuckled, "Say it. Don't be ashamed. Tell me . . ."

Then Oaks blurted out, "Chee-Chee, baby!" And Damon stifled his laughter.

The next night at the Oaks residence, after dinner, Damon and his host were sipping an inferior brandy. Mrs. Oaks was extremely attractive and much too young for Oaks. It was apparent that she had married for money. And there was a nervousness about her, as if she were counting the days until Oaks died.

"How positively fascinating," she said, "Having a hypnotist! Please . . . let me see some of your tricks . . . on my husband . . ."

Damon was tempted but remember-



ed his contract. He smiled gently, "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Oaks. I find it extremely difficult to refuse you. But I must. You see . . ." he paused dramatically, "I use hypnosis only to help my friends . . . with whatever particular difficulty they may be having." He glanced at Oaks who squirmed.

"I... don't understand ..." she said, "How do you help them?"
"For instance," Damon answered, apologetically, "I hope ... you'll forgive me, but I've noticed that you're quite nervous. I could help you with that! You must not sleep very

"You're right," she agreed, "Even the tranquilizers don't work on me anymore." She straightened in her chair expectantly, "Will you . . . ?" she begged.

Damon shrugged his trim shoulders and looked at Oaks as if requesting permission.

Oaks laughed, cleared his throat. "You know me, Sweetheart. I think it's a lot of rubbish. But go ahead. Have fun!" He puffed on his cigar and blew smoke in the air to conceal his face.

Damon turned off all the lamps except one, which he dimmed. Suddenly he became transformed into a trim bundle of energy. His voice became low, soft, narcotic.

In a few moments she was under his influence. "You are asleep," he

droned, "You are asleep. Now as I begin to count you will go into a deeper and deeper sleep. When I reach ten you will be in a profound state of hypnosis." He counted slowly, soothingly, then added, "Now you can hear nothing but my voice. Nothing . . . but my voice. When you awaken you will not remember what I said."

"Listen carefully for I am about to lead you to the greatest enjoyment on earth. I shall pronounce the magic words and from then on . . . whenever you hear them you shall become a fusion of Salome, Jezebel, and Cleopatra! You shall know every delirous delight that they knew. The wildest ecstacies that a human can endure. And the man who says these magic words shall be, to you, a Greeck God!"

Damon paused, glanced at the pudgy Oaks then shrugged his shoulders with a renewed awe of his profession. "Now the words! They shall become indelibly engraved in your subconscious. They are: Chee-Chee, baby!"

Three days later, Oaks came storming to Damon. "You are a fraud!" he shouted, "A charlatan!"

Damon was astonished. He had never failed before. He could not believe what he heard.

"I want my money back!" Oaks raved, "My wife - she's like a dead fish!"

"Incredible!" said Damon, "I can't

believe it!"

"I don't care what you believe! My money! I want my money! I'll ruin you! I'll sue! That's what I'll do!'

"Lower your voice, please. You'll

have your money.'

Then, after Oaks was gone, Damon worried and wondered if he had lost his power. He had to know for sure!

He found Mrs. Oaks alone. For a time they chatted pleasantly then he smiled, using all his charm, and whispered, "Chee-Chee, baby!"

She did become Salome, Jezebel, Cleopatra! Even more. She was all the passionate women of the world rolled into one and he was overwhelmed.

It was worth far more than the refund!

Then as they smiled at each other in their exhaustion, he envied Oaks. What a lifetime of ecstacy was ahead for that miserable cheat. As Damon felt the resentment burning furiously within him he began again to speak in his low, narcotic voice.

When the trance state came, he proceeded with a fiendish delight, no

longer caring about the money.
"Listen well," he droned, "for now the magic words have an additional meaning. When you hear them, in your passion, you'll keep repeating, 'I love Damon . . . I love Damon . . I love Damon . . . over and over and over . . .'





Please apply in full confidence to HAPUS, Depart. AD P.O. Box 324, Hamburg 36, Germany

FIGURE POSES ONLY

by my friends and myself shot at all angles. Individual 4 x 5 photos. \$3, \$5 \$10, \$15 sets. Better hurry. Lita Perez, Box 37004, Los Angeles 37, California.





WE ARE NOT LINGERIE

or dress models — we do art figure poses that will please you, \$3 per set or 4 sets for ONLY \$10. Miss Lee, 5233 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles 62, California.



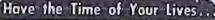


THEY'RE TERRIFIC! Brand new series of exclusive records. Racy ditties and gay parodies about those spiry, intimate moments. Really shocking, but so much not for you and your guests. Complete set of EIGHT DIFFERENT SELECTIONS on finest quality 78 or 45 r.p. m. records (state choice), sent prepaid in piain, sealed package for 34.95 (no co. d.'s). SPECIAL OFFER: Two Different Sets of 16 Recordings for only 38.95. For a thrilling adventure in adult entertainment, order yours Today! NATIONAL, Dept. 19-F, Box 5, Sta. E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

The kind YOU will enjoy. Each one of these booklets is size 3x4½ and is ILLUSTRATED with 8 page cartoon ILLUSTRATIONS of COMIC CHARACTERS and is full of fun and entertainment. 20 of these booklets ALL DIFFERENT sent prepaid in plain envelope upon receipt of \$1.00, No checks or C.O.D. orders accepted.

TREASURE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 40
182 Knickerbecker Station New York 2, N. Y.





WITH THIS PARTY-PLEASER BUBBLE BOY

Boy Fountain—Comes to "Automatic Life"! Works in regular faucet water for 10 to 30 minutes by mysterious mogic action. Only \$1.00 ppd.

Free Catalog of Unique Novelties With Order . Send Order to Dept. 1A

NOVELTY HOUSE P O BOX 2214 PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

PETER, from page 15

Peter, who had matured early and had knocked around the rough oilfields of the world with his father ever since his mother died, had not been a virgin since his thirteenth year. He had been most places and done most things. But he had never before encountered such a studied, coldblooded, decadent approach to sensual pleasure as Marla Foster revealed. He had felt like a robot as she ordered him to do this, then that, then another thing. Yet, at the climax, it had proved both interesting and delightful as the girl's lush, golden body attained a sort of hysteria that, despite his reservations, drew answering song from his own mighty thews and sinews. He decided, afterward, that Marla was young and adventurous and who was he to complain? On the whole, he had been well satisfied.

Yet, the next day, when she produced another book after class and unhooked her halter, letting her full, firm young breasts tumble out of it like twin golden fruit, when she had again restrained him, saying, "Peter darling, don't be greedy. Here's the outline I want us to follow," he had been unable to meet the challenge, something that had never before happened to him in his life.

Marla had been kind, amusing herself with him as with a huge doll, had parted from him laughingly, say-

ing, "I've heard you athletes aren't

so good in bed, you poor darlings." Peter had been so mad that, after she was gone, he had kicked the bedstead with his bare foot and all but amputated two of his toes. The great van Haick summer frustration had begun. As his impotency continued, increased rather than lessened by his own anxieties, Marla's amused attitude had rapidly changed to one, first of irritability, then of downright bitchiness. In her own humiliation, she sought only to humiliate him and had, two days before, called all the

sex play off. The worst of it was, Peter couldn't blame her. He was losing sleep at night, wondering if he were destined to go through life one of the hapless half-men he had more than once heard of. Also, as Marla's bitchiness mounted, he was beginning to think of his bet with Doak Stebbins, which he regarded as irretrievably lost, and of the very cold check Paddy Gregory was holding. He began to think of paying

it off out of his salary.

Hence, when Marla produced the obscene book with its exquisite pornographic pictures, so soon after her shut-off of the sex-play, Peter was ready to try anything - and did, but still to no avail.

Sulkily, Marla re-encased her golden globes in the polka-dot halter, then lay back on the bed to draw on her ultramarine short-shorts. She began to quote Hilaire Belloc, intoning with unmistakable emphasis . .

"As a friend of the children, com-

mend me the yak,

You will find it exactly the thing: It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,

You can lead it about with a string." "Oh, shut up!" cried Peter, lifting his cropped cinnamon head from the basket of his huge hands, "You think I like this any better than you do?"

"Temper, temper!" she said, wag-ging a finger at him archly. Then, "Seriously, Peter, don't you think you ought to see a psychiatrist? I mean, sometimes they can help men like

"Honey," said Peter glaring at her. "So help me, if you open that decadent little trap of yours once more, I'm going to toss you right through the

window."

"You wouldn't dare," she replied cooly. "Your old man's broke, and you need the dough Dad's paying you. If he knew . .

"If he doesn't suspect," said Peter, "he's the dumbest millionaire this side

"Or if I were to drop a line to Val Stebbins, merely hinting,

"Val wouldn't believe you," said

Peter, furiously indiscreet.

One of Marla's golden eyebrows rose a half-inch. "Oh-ho?" she said. "Then it's true. I wonder what secret Val has for bringing Hercules to life. Or is she one of the reasons you're all worn out."

"I am not worn out!" he roared,

like a bull in torment.

"You can't prove that by me," said Marla, undulating to the door. "Ohand Peter. I want you to take China for another walk this evening. He isn't getting nearly enough exercise. And try not to let him pull you around!"

Peter was seriously meditating mayhem when she slipped through the door and blithely down the stairs, looking as innocent as somebody's virgin niece with her schoolbooks and her pornography under one sun-gold arm.

Marla took off somewhere for dinner, as did her mother, and Peter ate alone in sulky state. So deep was his despond that his appetite suffered, and he managed to surround but two platefuls of tomato bisque, a mere quartet of mutton chops with appropriate vegetables, and only half a lemon-meringue pie. Then, because it had to be done, he garnered the emerald greenleather leash and summoned China, his Irish terrier tormentor, to the ordered

post-prandial constitutional.

Save for a scattering of residents and summer students, the usually lively university town was sadly deserted, and Peter plodded on through the gloaming, taking little note of his direction, dourly considering the lowly state to which he had so suddenly fallen. He thought about his bright-red Jaguar, formerly the terror of the campus, currently laid up in a garage for repairs, following a commencement crackup with an alumnus' pink-cheese Eldorado. He paid little heed to China, who frisked and tugged mischievously at the leash whenever a bird rustled in the hedges that lined the sidewalks.

At last, as darkness fell, he found himself beyond the "civilized" section of town, where the branch railroad spur ran up to the clustered gas-tanks of the Alden Fuel Supply Company. And there, bathed in the early moonlight, he saw a beautiful sight.

It was not, in itself, an attractive structure - quite the reverse. It was a dilapidated looking building, even in the darkness, but red and yellow neon tubing spelled out the enchanting legend, LAFFERTY'S SHAMROCK BAR-GRILL.

Peter had never before entered this particular town-embellishment, nor had he noticed it, but its inmates had noticed and recognized him. He ordered a brandy inhaler of bourbon-on-therocks and sat at the bar with these friendly souls, discussing the chances of the up-coming Alden football team for a successful season. It was warm and friendly and he felt once more a man among men.

He was saying, "Just let us get past State in the fourth game, and they'll have to go fast to catch us," when, without warning, a large and rangy tiger tomcat appeared in the rear doorway. With a sudden flurry of anti-cat determination, and a rapid-fire succession of air-shattering yips, China pulled himself free and took off for the prey. Both animals disappeared through the doorway in an unmusical blend of animal sounds.

"To hell with him!" said Peter. "I'm through chasing that Goddam dog.

"Better go get him, Peter," the bar-man warned. "If you don't, Catso is liable to tear him to pieces."

"Fat chance," said Peter, relishing the idea but not believing it,

However, the sounds rose in volume in the next room, and the veteran barsiders exchanged knowing glances as China's aggressive yip-yipping turned into a far shriller series of yipe-yipes. Moments later, China appeared in the doorway, heading for Peter full-speed, blood appearing on the curly brown hair alongside his muzzle and his stubby

-turn to page 40



Stalin's Army almost met their Waterloo when they fought the Finns and their knife. In the stillness of the winter, forest, Russian soldiers died silently, because a partisan used this unusual knife. Of carbon steel, colorful grip is richly decorated; has engraved solid brass ferrule and butt is an artistic War Horse Head. Wine leather sheath is hand tooled, and embossed by Finnish craftsmen. Knife and sheath only \$4.95 ppd.

Hirohito's "Hari-Kari" Knife 📿

To fail in the land of the Rising To fail in the land of the Rising Sun was to commit an unpardonable dishonor, corrected only by taking one's life. Made in Japan. this Hari-Kazi knife is the real McCoy, revered by the sons of Nippon. Delicate long blade of stainless steel with 'wooden sheath. A real collector's item. Only \$1.95 ppd.

Prize Bowie Knife

This he-man knife made its place in American history at the "Alamo" and in the taming of the early West. An all around hunting and outdoor knife. Blade has traditional "Bowie Knife" shape, is of polished hi-grade steel. Knife is 13" long. Indispensable for hunters, fishermen, ranchers, farmers and outdoorsmen. Bowie Knife including leather sheath. Only \$6.95 ppd.

Ancient German Deer's Foot Knife

The fierce Teutonic Tribes of Germany were the scourge of Caesar's Army. One of the weapons dating back prior to the Dark Ages is the design of this barbaric knife. Made in W. Germany, it has a real polished deer's foot grip and blade of fine German steel. Heavy grade leather belt sheath included. Only \$4.95 ppd.

Worth a King's Throne

A prince of the House of Hanover, contributor of English Kings and royal blood, surely would carry this formidable dagger to protect himself from enemies of the crown. Made in W. Germany. Delicate handle is a work of art, blade is of hand forged sword steel and fits snugly in metal-tipped leather sheath. Only \$5.95 ppd.

HOW TO ORDER

Send check, cash, or money order. (No C.O.D. please.) Calif. residents add 4% state tax.

SEAPORT TRADERS, INC.

649 N. POINSETTIA PLACE, DEPT. LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA

ONE MILLION DOLLARS CASH



IN CONFEDERATE MONEY

Be a deep south millionaire! Have money to burn! We'll send you exactly one million bucks in honest-to-goodness authentic reproductions of genuine Confederate money plus bonus bills—and all you pay is \$2.98! You can do everything with this money but spend it. Amaze and amuse your cotton-pickin' friends. Win bar bets by the barrel! Light your cigars and cigarettes with \$10.00 bills! Live it up! It's a million dollars worth of laughs and fun—all for only \$2.98. You get one million bucks in \$10's, \$20's, \$50's, \$100's, etc. denominationsenough to keep your friends laughing and happy for months—This offer is limited. Only \$4 million to a customer. Our supply of this loot is limited—so

rush your order . . . One Million dollars only \$2.98. Four Million dollars only \$10.00. If not delighted keep \$100,-000 for your trouble and return the rest of the money for a full and prompt refund. Send to-

PRESENTE MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY======
BEST VALUES CO., Dept. 461 5880 Hollywood Bivd. Hollywood 28, Colif. Send ONE MILLION DOLLARS CONFEDERATE MONEY plus Bonus Bills. I enclose \$2.98. If not satisfied I will keep \$100,000 and return balance for full refund.
Send FOUR MILLION DOLLARS CONFEDERATE MONEY plus Bonus Bills. I enclose \$10.00. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.
Name
Address
City Zone State



PETER, from page 39

tail as far between his legs as he could maneuver that truncated organ.

After him, came Catso, in magnificent and furious pursuit, his hair on end, making him look twice as big as normal, his yellow-green eyes aglow with hate and triumph. China took a running leap and landed in Peter's lap, almost tipping him off his stool. With a menacing growl, Catso skidded to a stop beside the stool, where he glared up at his would-be attacker.

'Okay, Catso," said Peter. 'I don't blame you, but don't kill this mutt. I've got enough troubles already.'

There was a laugh, and, tempted by some scraps of meat produced from the kitchen, the outraged feline moved away in dignity, pausing in the doorway to cast over its shoulder at China a glance so malevolent that China whimpered and looked up at Peter appealingly.

"Goddam yellow mutt!" said Peter, putting him back on the floor. China promptly leaped back onto his lap, and he let the despised animal remain there while he went on with his discussion of the prospects for the Blue and Sil-

ver, come fall. It was late when Peter turned in at the gates of the Foster estate, with China following him obediently and without a leash. He said, as he wended his way toward his garage quarters, "That Goddam cat taught me a lesson

tonight." Marla, wearing a robe and nothing else, was waiting for him by the den upstairs and heard him. She said, "Here I've been worrying myself sick over China, and you've taken him to a saloon!'

He said nothing, but began to take off his clothes, humming a little tune outrageously offkey. His eyes were a trifle bloodshot, but otherwise he moved as always, with the deceptively bulky grace that was one of his hallmarks. Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga . . . " he began.

Marla crushed out her cigaret and tried to pick up China. The dog eyed her distrustfully, and retreated behind Peter. "What have you done to him?" the girl asked.

'Goddam cat taught him a lesson tonight, just like it did me," he said thoughtfully, sitting down to pull off his loafers.

"You did go to a place!" the girl

exclaimed indignantly.

"Would you blame me?" he asked, looking at her directly. "It's a lot better psychology than a psychologist for a man in my condition.

"Peter, you're drunk!" she said, trying to spin away from him as one of his massive hands flicked out and curled around her trim young buttocks and drew her close. "Let me go!"

"Marla," he told her, looking up at her gravely, "I am not drunk. I am never drunk. Intoxicated, yes, tipsy, yes, inebriated, yes, walleyed, probably, gassed, definitely . . . but definitely not drunk. You know, it was nice of you to arrange this little rendezvous, darling. It saved me going to the house and maybe waking everybody up."

"Let me go!" she said fiercely, pushing at his now-naked shoulders with both hands. She might have been push-

ing at solid rock.
Without a word, he pulled her across his knee, ignoring her struggles as if they were those of a mosquito. She called to China for help, but the little mutt merely growled at her. Almost delicately, Peter lifted Marla's robe until the trim, double curves of her sungold buttocks were exposed to the soft night breezes.

"Peter! Don't you dare!" she gasped,

her voice rising.

"Shut up, you slut!" he told her quite quietly, yet meaning it. "Or I'll knock your Goddam teeth down your throat.

He lifted an immense, callused right hand, the size of a California abalone steak, and brought it down sharply, with rifle-shot splatt!, on the doubledomed beauties lying directly in front of him,

Marla screamed, but it was a small scream, not the clarion-call shiek he had more than half-expected. He lifted his right hand and brought it down again. Marla moaned and said, "Darl-

ing, hit me again!"
"Later," he said, turning her over as easily as if she were a doll and peeling the gown from her exuberant young body. "Later, honey. This time, I'm

calling the shots."

Her full young lips rose to meet his as her arms clamped themselves hungrily about his neck. Kissing her, letting her devour him and replying with English to spare, he rose, still carrying her, and placed her atop the bed in the next room. Then, fully aroused, the not-so-old master set himself to enjoy

It was half-daylight before she kissed him farewell for the night, murmuring gently, "Oh, Peter darling! I can't be-lieve it. You're wonderful!"

"You do all right yourself, kid," he

told her, yawning.

"But what happened?" she asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I just decided it was time to throw away the book ... and give you a little discipline you could understand,"

"Yes, Peter," she murmured, giving him another lingering farewell kiss. He was asletep almost before she had left the room. Hell, he didn't have a thing left to worry about.



UNQUESTIONABLY, Dolores was the outstanding beauty among the girls who worked the chorus at the gambling resort hotel. So, when she wandered into Max's office at 10 o'clock in the morning, even though she wore a long, fullsleeved samba shirt and slacks, the eyes of both men in the room protruded as if on stalks.

Where Max would have shooed anyone else out of the office at that hour, he merely said, in not unkindly fash-ion for him, "Beat it, babe — Jerry

and I got business."

Dolores brushed back shoulderlength black hair and shifted her hips ever-so-slightly as she pouted, "But, Max, I got a problem."
"What is it, honey?" the manager

asked, chewing on his cigar.
"Money — what else?" she asked. Jerry, the assistant manager, spoke for the first time since Dolores' en-trance. He said, "Don't you broads rake in enough from the suckers after hours?'

Dolores shook her beautiful head. "I got to get to St. Louis tonight," she told them. "My brother's in jail, and I need ten grand fast to get him out."

"You think I'm gonna hand you ten gees because your brother's a punk?" asked Max, hardening.

"What do you take us for?" Jerry inquired, scowling fiercely.

"I'm not asking you to hand me anything," said Dolores patiently. "I know my brother's no good, but he's still my brother, and I promised my mother just before she died to keep him out of trouble." She sighed. "I've saved up a thousand dollars, and I want to shoot it on the dice. If I win, I'll do what I can for him. If not, well, there won't be anything I can

do."
"Why don't you try when the tables

are open?" growled Jerry.
"Because I'm working the show then," said Dolores. "Besides, there's no time. To do any good, I gotta be out of here on the noon plane."

Max chewed his cigar for a long, reflective moment. Then he said, "Let's see your dough, babe."

Since the costly cooling system was turned down during off-hours, the gambling room was hot and close. Outside, the mid-morning sun was beating down at a merciless 100- plus degrees, Fahrenheit, and the mere effort of stripping the cloth from a dice-table made the men drip with sweat.

"Goodness!" the girl exclaimed. "I didn't know it got this hot."

"So what?" countered Jerry crudely. "We won't be here long."

She hesitated, then said, "Would you fellows mind if I took off my shirtwaist?"

Why should we mind?" countered Max, removing his cigar to rub a bit of detached leaf from his lower lip.
"I'll never be able to keep my mind

on the dice like this," said Dolores, frowning prettily. She hesitated again, briefly, then unbuttoned the light, halftransparent linen blouse and shrugged it off.

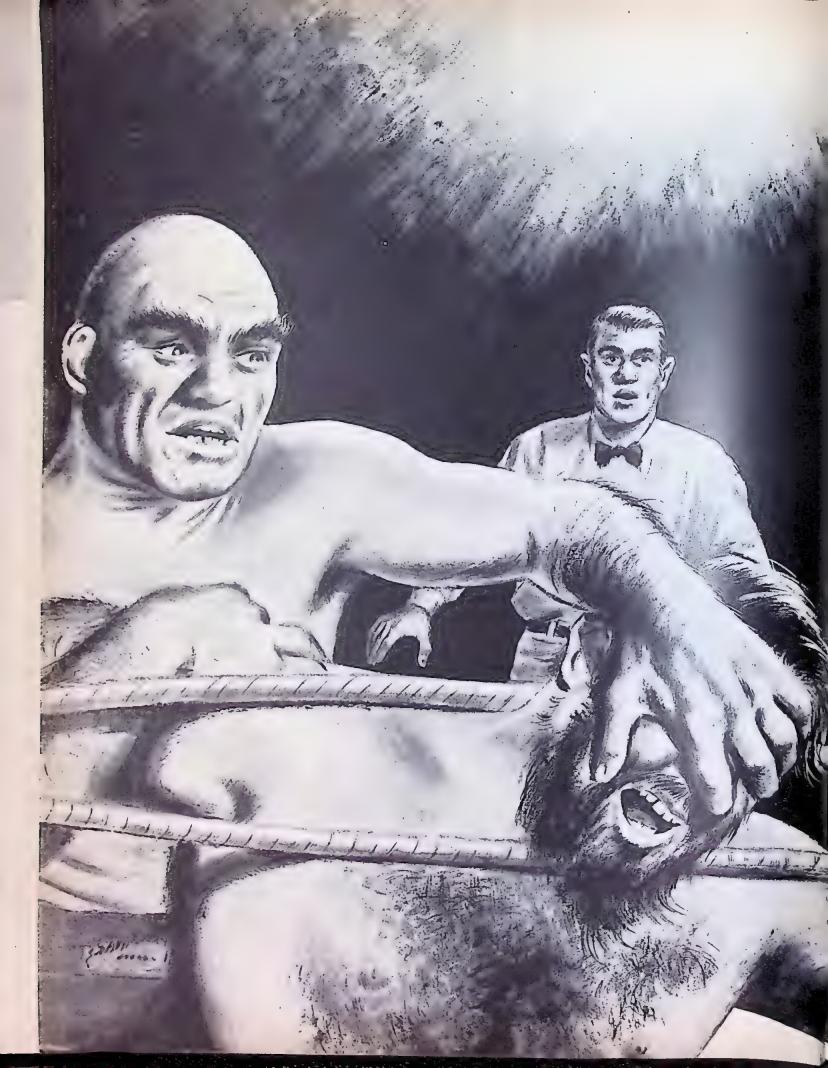
Although, essentially, they were gamblers, Max and Jerry were thoroughly inured to lush feminent nudity by the very nature of their jobs. They would not have cast a second look at Lady Godiva riding down the Main Street of Coventry on her white horse

in the altogether.

But so extraordinarily lovely was the sight of Dolores' full, firm young breasts, seen thus informally, unexpectedly and at such close range, that Max almost swallowed his cigar. He could not remove his eyes from the pearly, pink-tipped globes, as Dolores leaned forward to cast the dice on the marked green cloth, as she stood straight to rattle them and cast again . . . and again .

Not until she had resumed her blouse and swung gracefully out, after running six straight passes into a 64-grand roll, did he begin to function once more. A sudden, horrid thought struck him, and he turned to Jerry and asked, "Hey! Were you watching

Jerry looked at him with answering horror. "What?" he cried. "I thought you was watching them."



Professional wrestling is openly and blatantly corrupt, but being more show business than sport, it would be awfully dull if it wasn't

the moon shines bright

bright . . ." all right, and not just on old homes in Kentucky, either. A long, long look at the silvery orb of the world's latest guided missile target is the determining factor — or rather the predetermined factor — in every city and town of this fair land where professional wrestling matches are held.

If the connection between a look at Earth's satellite and the grunt-and-groan industry seems obscure to the uninitiated, well, it's a very real tie for all that. Only a few years ago, the lamented one-time Yale Football Coach ("My policy with the alumni is to keep them sullen but not mutinous") and Tennessee poet and gigantic bon vivant Herman Hickman, made the relationship between moon and mastadons of the mat wholly clear in a series of widely circulated magazine articles.

The late 300-plus-pound Hickman, a former All-American lineman at the University of Tennessee, kept himself in triple top sirloins and 100-proof bourbon during the Great Depression years by traveling the wide-flung wrestling circuit as a heavyweight pro. In writing of his term as a top-flight purveyor of mat-burns, crotch-holds, arnica and wintergreen oil, Hickman told fascinated readers what it meant when a

wrestler, traveling, say, in Pennsylvania, would receive a wire from the circuit bosses in Manhattan to replace an injured athlete in Schnectady or Buffalo and do a "moon job"

This was wrestlers' code for throwing the bout to an opponent whose win was prearranged. Its symbolic explanation is that, since a wrestler loses a fall when he is lying on his back with both shoulders pinned to the mat by his foe, the loser is theoretically looking up at the moon. That his "moon" is more apt to be a battery of

electric lights suspended over the ring in which he performs does not affect his understanding of such an order.

When he is told to do a "moon job", he goes out there and lies down after an appropriate number of minutes and gymnastic contortions with his opponent. If he does anything else, he doesn't get paid — and, since wrestling, like all forms of hard, physical endeavor, tends to create large appetites and wrestlers run to huge size with immense stoke ovens, not getting paid means he doesn't eat. This is a fate comparable to that of stranding Casanova on a desert island alone.

In short, professional wrestling is openly and blatantly corrupt, a fact which has been known and accepted for years, if not for ages, by all but the most moronic and starry-eyed of spectators. Yet, in a year which finds the New York City District Attorney crying "felony" against fixed contests in the prize-ring, nowhere is there a whisper of similar action against the great sport of grunt and growl.

The underlying cause of wrestling's apparent immunity is exactly the same as the reason for its apparent corruption. From time to time, Eager Beaver crusaders or prosecutors have, in fact, publicly considered taking legal action against the obvious "fixing" involved in the successful promotion of mat calisthenics. Somehow or other, such action is invariably halted before any results are attained. Uninformed fans have from time to time voiced suspicion to their favorite bartenders that somewhere a gigantic political fix must be involved.

In a way, they are right, although money or favors have seldom, if ever, changed hands. All the threatened promoter has to do, as a rule, is to stage a private contest between two of his gladiators in which neither action nor decision has been prearranged. After an hour or so of watching the behemoths on their hands and knees, trying vainly to affect any sort of a hold on one another, the crusading zeal is

— turn the page





in our

GIANT MYSTERY GIRL CONTEST



1st PRIZE Rolleicord 2½ x 2½ Camera 2nd PRIZE: Famous Name Slide Projector NEXT 10 PRIZES: Movie Viewers

NEXT 25 PRIZES: Slide Viewers

MEXT 100 PRIZES: Sets of 6 8x10 photos of our Mystery Girl in her original pin-up poses.

The BEST NAME (in the opinion of our judges) sent in by you, will become her OFFICIAL PIN-LP name.

chance will not be repeated. Contest winners will be notified at the end of the contest. December 15, 1958.

HERE'S VII YOU DO Just fill out the entry blank below (or mail your own card) and mail with 25c to the address listed below.

EVERY CONTESTANT will receive the NEW OFFICIAL REYELLE CATALOG. just for entering.

REYELLE	MYSTERY	GIRL	CONTEST

Dept. 16 171 East 33 Street New York 16, New York Enclosed please find my 25°.

My name is	 	
My address is	 	
City		
The MYSTERY GIRL'S		

il hereby declare that I am over 21 years of age.

THE MOON, from page 43

drained out of the most ardent reformers like oil from a leaking crankcase.

On-the-level wrestling is probably the dullest spectator sport in the world, up to and including water polo. For every aggressive move, there is an equally effective counter-move, and, if the matched pair is anywhere near even, the result is an almost immobile stalemate until exhaustion sets in, usually some hours later. If wrestling were really on the level, everyone involved in the game would starve.

Hence, the development of "acts" and the promotion of spectacular trick holds like Gus Sonnenburg's flying but or Rocco's dropkick or the great "Jeemie" Londos' airplane spin. During the 1930's, the so-called "Gorgeous Greek" used to pack to the rafters New York's Madison Square Garden and other arenas around the country week after week, month after month, year after year, until he, along with some of his regular opponents and Jack Curley, his promoter, all became comfortably rich.

Jeemie was always the hero of these encounters - like all other forms of drama, professional wrestling bouts need both hero and villain - and almost always lost a fall to his opponent's snide and muckerish tactics. Yet his audiences knew that, as inevitably as the U. S. Cavalry arriving in the nick of time in a movie Western, sooner or later, Jeemie would rise in tormented majesty from the brink of defeat to pick up his invariably larger foe like a miller hoisting a sack of meal, hold him at arm's length above his head and waltz him around and around a half-dozen times or so before depositing him on the canvas with a dull thud, there to pin his unresisting shoulders to the ring-floor in triumph.

Just why his opponents should let Londos pick them up in this demeaning manner and spin them around in mid-air, or why this process should render them helpless, are problems for bio-psychiatrists to resolve, if such creatures exist. There seems little reason for either, viewed from a distance of time and place. But the airplane spin invariably reduced the ticket-buyers to screaming, delighted incoherence and assured sellout houses until Londos, a portly if muscular middleaged gentleman decided to retire and live on his richly accumulated matburns.

Similar questions could be asked about Sonnenburg's goatlike head-butts or Rocco's dropkick or any other of the golden holds. Why would any man in his right mind place his solar plexus in direct line with Sonnenburg's hard, onrushing cranium, or leave his chin

open for Rocco's flying feet — unless, of course, he got well paid to do so? The answer seems obvious. Yet, here and there, you still run into addicts, usually new ones, who refuse to believe that professional wrestling is about as much of a contest as any well-conducted ballet. They insist that no one, for any amount of money, would permit anyone to inflict such torment and indignity upon him unless the contest were on the level.

If it were on the level, no one would. Actually, while wrestling is a rough, tough game, with plenty of bloodshed, muscle sprains and occasional concussions or broken bones, it is a pink-tea sport compared to boxing, in which the brain, heart, liver and kidneys bear almost the whole brunt of a foeman's assault. Only a few of the strongest or most agile ringmen are able to fight with gloves beyond their early thirties - men like Jim Jeffreys, Jersey Joe Walcott and Ray Robinson being rare exceptions while wrestlers remain in the big-time into solid middle age - and who ever heard of a punchdrunk grunt-andgroaner? One of the Zbysko brothers was a championship contender while in his fifties, Ed "Strangler" Lewis held the title at 40 and scores of other stellar attractions have worked and drawn well into their fifth decades.

About this time in such a discussion, both the cynic and the naive soul usually wonder aloud whether any professional wrestling is ever conducted on the level. To this, the answer is yes — but the paying public seldom if ever gets to see such a bout. If they did, its members would stop paying for tickets, or would turn their television sets over to the ubiquitous Westerns that crowd non-wrestling channels at night.

Champions are not selected by the promoters at random, or merely because they have colorful and crowdpleasing physiques and techniques—although these last two are definite factors in making the choice. A top-flight professional wrestler, for all that his job is spectacle and dramatic acting rather than outright competitive exertion, is first of all a master-wrestler. He must be accomplished at all the holds and grips and possess the beef, strength and stamina to make them effective.

When a real challenger appears and works his way through the moon-jobs and tanktown wins that earn him his spurs, when it looks as if his histrionics have made him a real box-office draw that merit championship consideration, the bosses quietly arrange a so-called "shooting match" between this contender and the current champ. Such affairs are held behind closed doors,

usually in an out-of-the-way gymnasium, with only the inner circle of promoters, managers and arena owners on hand to see the show.

Then the boys have it out on the level, and the winner is either retained as loop champion or groomed to replace said titleholder in the near future. Traditionally, such shooting matches are the scene of some of the toughest, roughest and dullest wrestling on record. Similar matches are held when rival circuits, with rival champs, decide to make peace and cash in on a single super-belt-holder. Thus, truly bad wrestlers with crowd-pleasing appeal are kept out of the upper brackets of the profession.

Like all pros, everywhere, the boys know where they stand. Such being the case, their for-pay meetings depend largely upon the ingenuity of the acts their managers can arrange for them. The contest has become a harlequinade, in which a Gorgeous George, with his marcelled golden hair and opera cape and perfume-spraying valet, or a Lord Blears with his drawl, his white gloves and his monocle, is as legitimate a performer as, say, was sweating, grunting, Herman Hickman with all that lard - as long as, beneath the furbelows, he is a real wrestler.

Years ago, a hairy, barrel-chested roughneck, who called himself "Gentleman Jack" Washburn, proved a sensational success in Boston, then the world's hottest wrestling city, by playing the heavy in a series of bouts in which, repeatedly chided by a referee named Potts, he finally turned on his tormentor with a roar of leonine rage and beat the daylights out of him, Editorials were written upon this violation of all sporting codes, and letters to the editors of the various papers poured in - as did the gold and happy cabbage at the box office of the Boston Garden.

Washburn and Potts cleaned up for a couple of years at the very bottom of the Great Depression - and were roomies when not committing mutual mayhem on the various mats where they appeared. Just a pair of buddies making a buck together! Yet, though the editorial writers knew the truth perfectly well, they never spilled the old baked beans. They enjoyed the joke on the public far too much to spoil it by blowing a whistle. And the audiences went right on getting rid of their collective spleen watching Gentleman Jack attempt to club Potts with the ringpost and putting their cash on the line at the wicket.

Depending upon the point of view, the whole affair, like professional wrestling at large, was either a reprehensible fraud on the public or a charming example of constructive buddyism. You took your pick, even as you take same today.

Actually, corruption in sports is almost as old as sports themselves, According to the immensely scholarly and erudite E. Norman Gardner, D.Litt., whose "Athletes of the Ancient World" gives a history and portrait of such contests in Ancient Greece and Rome, just about every wrinkle in sports racketeering known to the present era was practiced centuries before the birth of Christ.

According to Doctor Gardner, foul practices became exceedingly obnoxious to the pure of soul in the sixth century, B.C., when the mushroom sprouting of contests and awards first began to make a profit motive possible for able athletes, a condition he blames on the "rivalry between cities." Croton, it appears, put on a drive to draw the big play away from the Olympic games, and began importing ringers from other locales to appear as citizens of Croton. Needless to say, the Crotonians howled like banshees when their own star athlete, Astylus, who had won two running events in the Olympiads of 488 and 484 B.C., appeared four years later under the banners of Syracuse. The furious Crotonians tore down a statue they had erected in his honor and turned his home into a common prison.

Syracuse seems to have made a habit of importing ace athletes, for, a century later, evidence appears of the king of that Sicilian city having bribed the father of a boxing phenomenon from Miletus to let his son compete as a Syracusian. And, in 388 B.C.," Eupolus of Tessaly bribed his opponents in boxing to allow him to win the prize. The offense was discovered and the guilty parties were all fined." Apparently, taking a dive is not quite so modern a form of corruption as current calamity howlers would have gullible us believe.

The Greeks went in heavily for wrestling, as well as for an anythinggoes rock, sock, gouge, kick and strangle contest they called the Pankration, which apparently is a direct ancestor of modern professional wrestling, or what modern professional wrestling purports to be. They also favored what they called "upright wrestling" and "ground wrestling", in the latter with both contestants starting on their hands and knees.

'Ground wrestling," says Dr. Gardner, "took place usually under cover, and the ground was watered till it became muddy. The mud rendered the body slippery and difficult to hold, while wallowing in the mud was regarded as beneficial to the skin."

-turn to page 58



BOOKS for ADULTS

Too shocking for prudes and bluenoses, but sure to delight you and your broadminded friends: Brazenly frank and daring stories with intimate man-woman situations, racy action and vivid episodes of raw lust and naked passion. Just send this ad, your full address (please print) and \$3 for your sizaling sample. No CODs. Shipped sealed and marked "Personal" on 7-day money-back guarantee. Don't miss it. Order NOW!

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

Pep Up Your Stags With These New Pocket Size Booklets. Chock-Full Of Fun And Rusculity. For Grownups Only.

30 for \$100 ... PLUS

MARILYN'S CALENDAR WITH EACH ORDER

L.A.F.S. DEPT.] , P. O. BOX 267

Unvsval, Fescinating, Intimate, Revealing, Arts, Novelties.

KOGAN BOOK CO. Bex 1032-B Church Annex, | 10 for \$1.00 Hew York 8, M. Y.

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKS





Cameraman Charles Trotter shoots Samburu chief and his family.

It's love that makes the world go 'round, but as this exciting, new documentary film illustrates, there's many a novel approach to it.



HOWARD BROWN is a noted compiler and producer of "special interest" feature films, offbeat studies of the habits of men and women in the far places of this still uncivilized world. His most recent effort is the soon-tobe-released "The Mating Urge", a study of courtship and love customs in remote corners of the globe. Since his is a movie both provocatively sensational to the layman and of great value to anthropologists as well, ADAM is proud to present exciting stills from the film, plus its creator's fascinating revelations of sex folk-ways in remote lands. Once again, ADAM is reminded not only of the truism that fact is stranger than fiction, but that it can at times be even more entertaining. Says Mr. Brown -









Left - Zulus breed for beauty, but this seems like love, too; middle - hidden suitor may try to work love magic with water that's caressed Zulu maiden's body; right - tall Samburu chief briefs one of his wives on entertaining houseguest overnight.

In MAKING A picture like "The Mating Urge", whose theme is love, courtship, married customs and sex among primitive peoples, we certified one elemental fact—sex is in full bloom in all seasons all over the planet Earth. And sex being the touchy subject that it is, we found it difficult at times to know just where to draw the line.

As Europeans and Asiatics are much more broadminded about the facts of life than we are in this country, we had to resist the desire to photograph certain natural bits of courtship which would have definitely been deleted by the U. S. Customs censors. The only people who are legally allowed to bring in intimate filmed material are those who are directly connected with some medical or sociological research organization.

Our own pictures deal only with the general interest in courtship. One of the most unusual practices takes place among the Waghi people, who live in the highlands of New Guinea. These well-built, brown-skinned, stone-age people display their affections by

URGE



A river bath, an oiling, then love in West Africa.

squeezing legs! And courting must be done publicly!

About once a week, after dark, unmarried girls and men file into a long, narrow hut. They sit down with their backs to the side of the building, each man next to a girl. A tightly woven blanket is placed over the entrance to the hut. This is partially to provide group privacy, primarily to shut out the night air and thus increase body temperature.

Two fires are built in the aisle between the couples, adding light to the interior and throwing off considerable heat and smoke. Supervising this romancing are a couple of elderly women, whose duty it is to see that all of the rules of the game are obeyed.

To add further warmth to the occasion, the men open the festivities by chanting a love song, swaying as they sing. Then, the women pick up this singsong, swaying in the opposite direction. This brings them into contact and as the tempo of the song increases and the heat from the fire warms their bodies, they begin to make more intimate movements with various parts of their anatomy.

The women brush noses gently, first with the man on the left, then with the one to the right. Their heads toll as if in a trance, and then they select a man and pair off. Gradually, the swaying stops, the singsong is lowered in tempo and volume as each woman pushes her nose more firmly against the nose of her male companion. Then, slowly, they begin to move their legs.

After a few preliminary motions, each woman violently inserts her leg between those of the man. He then places his leg over one of hers, and within a few seconds their legs are tightly entwined. This is apparently a Waghi form of sex-play because, as their legs are squeezed closer, they pull their faces apart, smile, and then suddenly crash them together until their noses are flattened.

By this time, passion has almost reached its peak, and the two old women are busily running up and down the aisle, trying to keep the couples from fulfilling their desires and breaking the rules of good conduct. These chaperones carry a long stick and take a whack at any pair they feel may be going too far.

When this point is reached, etiquette requires that the festivities be halted, and this is accomplished by one of the tired old ladies removing the blanket that had previously been placed over the entrance to the hut. This is a sign that all must leave immediately. What goes on outside the hut as the aroused couples seek their way home in the dark is not a matter

of record . . .

Leaving our friends of the New Guinea highlands to their pleasures, we traveled west to Malaya, a land of intense heat, beautiful women, and containing a jungle in the interior of the country which still hides several primitive tribes, in addition to hundreds of tigers.

The Malayan jungle people are pagan and seldom wear any clothes, except for the briefest of loin-cloths, which are usually made out of the bark of a tree and, when adorning the body of a maiden, looks like a starched

apror

One of these tribes, known as the Besisi are of interest to us primarily because of the type of marriage ceremony they perform. It is called a "Mound Marriage." When the village elders decide it is time for a young couple to get married, a call is sent out to all the males in the community instructing them to appear before the chief on a certain day and hour.

When at least fifty men have gathered, the Chief informs them that a wedding is to take place and then sends these natives off to gather clay and mud. The material is collected in crude baskets, and as each man returns, his gathering is deposited in a pile just outside the village.

Several days are spent collecting this material, until a pile or mound has been constructed that is 40 to 50 feet

in circumference.

On the appointed day for the wedding, the bride-to-be is placed at one end of the mound, while the groom stands at the other end. The villagers crowd around, and there is great shouting and enjoyment, enhanced by generous amounts of rice liquor. At a signal from the chief, both start running around the mound, and it is up to the boy to catch the girl before she circumnavigates the obstacle ten times.

If he catches her, they are automatically married. But if the girl is swift of foot and enjoys her freedom, she will lead the boy a merry chase. If she is not caught within the prescribed period, custom dictates that she cannot be required to repeat this reverse Sadie Hawkins Day run for at least six months. It would be interesting to witness such a contest when the female was desirous of marriage and not the male. He might have to do some hefty back-pedaling.

Along the coastal area of Malaya, one finds the Malayan and Chinese living together in approximately equal proportions. They are friendly but there is very little intermarriage. Although many of the Malayan families stick to the old customs, such as female circumcision, the filing of a girl's teeth to make her more beautiful was

discontinued several years ago.

Another custom that still remains is the settling of disputes by a fight called the "Pinchak".

The "Pinchak" is frequently used when two men are interested in the same girl and agree between themselves that the loser will leave the

field open to the winner.

The men fight with their hands, feet and knives, and the contest usually takes place in the village square, under the supervision of the Chief. It is the Chief's duty to stop the fight if one of the contestants stands a chance of being killed. Malayan men are violent lovers and take their romances much more seriously than do the members of the Samburu tribe in Kenya, where very little love is involved in affairs of sex.

The Samburu, or "Moran" as the adult male is called, spends about half his time primping and the remainder chasing women. They take great pride in their hair, and when it doesn't grow long enough to suit their idea of beauty, they add pieces of twine to increase the length. The "hair" is then polished with oil and combed daily.

In contrast, the women's heads are kept closely shaved, as hair is considered unbecoming to females. At time of marriage, it is usual to remove all of a women's hair — upstairs and

down.

The custom of circumcision is practiced among the Samburu, and this event takes place each year among certain age groups of both boys and girls. The females are kept inside their homes for a period of several months before the ceremony.

Many primitive races throughout the world practice the sharing of wives. The Eskimo husband is said to offer his wife to a male visitor, but the Samburu have certain rules and regulations governing this form of wel-

come.

A male visitor to a Samburu home would not be presented formally to a wife but would go to her hut to sleep as a matter of course, provided he was of the same age group as the husband. The age group is not determined by the actual age of the person, but by the year in which he is circumcised. It is unheard of for a man of a different age-group to be offered a wife, and if this should happen, both are punished by the village chief.

One of the most interesting races in Africa are the people of Zululand. For centuries, the Zulus have been race-conscious and during this period have made every effort to develop and create physical beauty in their children. It was common practice for them to

destroy a baby that was born with some physical imperfection, and as a result they have developed into one of the most perfect races of physical beauty and health that can be found anywhere in the world today.

Many of the Zulus have been educated, and while they still believe in wearing a minimum of clothing, they have given up their ancient practices of sacrifice and the use of body-paint.

However, they still believe in the power of magic, especially when a boy has designs on a girl. Many forms of magic are used, from the mumbling of sacred words to the preparation of potions of potent brews made from the hairs of a loved one. Perhaps the most popular form of magic is known as the "miracle of the waters."

A Zulu man believes that, if he can secretly witness the bathing act of the maiden of his choice and then obtain some of the water that has caressed her body, he will be able to use the water as a charm and make her fall in love with him.

Most all primitives have a firm belief in the power of magic, and it is used for many purposes, ranging from love to death.

In Australia, the Aborigines of the central desert country utilize magic primarily to cause the death of an enemy. This method of destruction is called "Pointing the Bone" and is very effective. When a native desires to get rid of somebody he steals some personal object from his intended victim. He then starts concentrating his thoughts on this object, from the point of view that this article actually repre-

sents the person he wishes to kill. The more intimate the article, such as a loin cloth, the more powerful is the magic. All this is accomplished in great secrecy.

What actually happens is that the person who is pointing the bone at another person is mentally willing that person to death. To be effective the intended victim must first miss the article which has been stolen. He then becomes suspicious that someone is pointing the bone at him and when rumor reaches him that this is true he becomes terrified.

His family and friends at first try to find out the name of the person who is pointing the bone. If they can find him, they will try to buy him off or, in some instances, kill him. If a few weeks pass and they have been unsuccessful, they give up hope and isolate the intended victim.

By this time, he, too, is convinced he is going to die. He refuses to eat and usually just sits staring into space, waiting for death. And it frequently

comes.

This is pure witchcraft, but it has a definite medical explanation. It is not necessary for the man who points the bone to have any special psychic power. He does not touch his victim. Neither does he administer any poison. The ability to die without being touched or having any illness rests within the mind of the victim. The great fear, the helplessness that overwhelms him, causes numerous chemical changes in his body, and it is this faulty chemical metabolism that ultimately kills him.

So patent is this psychological

Local Customs May Vary, but Love Is Truly

Gesture of affection in Ceylon — where nose-to-nose sniffing means I Love You.



Like other hotcountry residents,





weapon among the Aborigines, that the Australian authorities recognize its power and have arrested natives who use it, charging them with attempted murder, or murder, as the case may be. There is no record of a bone being pointed at a female, but considerable evidence that women have been the cause of many bones being pointed.

A more cheerful and convenient form of magic is practiced in New Guinea, where sex is the principal goal of those using the primitive

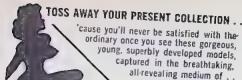
power of persuasion.

For instance, a man falls in love with a married woman and wants to have relations with her. The only way this can be accomplished without complications is through the use of love magic. As he usually has a number of different kinds of sorcery available, he will probably start first by using a special cigaret, which he makes by grinding a narcotic-type herb and mixing a small amount of it with native tobacco. When he has completed his magic, he contrives to induce the woman to smoke. He must be careful to see that she gets the cigaret surreptitiously, but generally the woman is aware of the man's interest.

If this doesn't work, he will not despair, but will use other methods until he is successful. Should the woman's husband find out, she doesn't have to worry too much. All she has to do is explain she couldn't help herself because of the strong magic that was cast upon her. Her husband will understand and forgive, because he, too, is undoubtedly weaving love magic

on someone else's wife.





NATURAL COLOR

SKEPTICAL? We'll send you a sample ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just forward us 25c for handling and postage . .. or 50c for airmail and special service. P.S. We'll also send you a FREE brochure so you'll know exactly what to expect.

DIXIE PIX DEPT. A-8 BOX 42177 LOS ANGELES 42, CALIF.

MEN ATTENTION

My name is Judy and I have some pictures I know you'll like. They were taken by an amateur photographer of me and a girl friend. Send \$2 right away for a set of 4 (4x5 pics) and I'll include a big surprise photo of myself. JUDY JORMAN, 57501/2 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.





UNUSUAL OUT -800 Stewart Ave. ^*PHOTOS* - COLUMBUS-6. Ohio

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS THE KIND ADULTS WANT

HILARIOUS SITUATIONS, LUSTY SCENES 30 THRILL PACKED BOOKLETS, ONLY \$1.00 Sent Postpaid in Plain Envelope, No checks or C.O.D. ROYCO, Box 584, Miami Beach 39, Florida



Dept # PO Box 1948 Hottywood 28 Catifornia STAG-PAX

THEATRICAL

LINGERIE . COSTUMES

776 8th Avenue

G-Strings, Strip Panties, Bikinis Sheer Regliees, Lacy Baby Colls and HANY OTHER TERRIFIC LIENS are in our large (lilistrated catalog. Dozens of top models and show girls show you these glamourous creations. SEND 25¢ FOR CATALOG



STAGS! SENT SAME DAY AIR EXPRESS

8 MM Reels . . . 100' - 16 MM Reels . . . \$10.00

Two 32-Page Backs of Intimate Action Stories \$5.00 Each Send Only 25c

for Complete List of Movies JOCK RENE', Dept. A8
Box 66518 LOS ANGELES 66, CALIFORNIA

MOVIES

INTERNATIONALLY . . . ACCLAIMED

SATELLITE, from page 6

ardent embrace without slipping entirely from his grasp. She looked into his dark eyes with a speculative frown, added, "Just what sort of a crook are

you, lover?"

"Much like you," he replied fondly. "I'm a jackal. I hang around where crooks are and work out a cut of the loot when I can. After all, a thief who has just completed a successful robbery is almost always anxious to avoid a fuss until he can make his getaway . . . and I don't run any of the big risks that way."

"You could get yourself killed,"

said Rhoda.

"I haven't yet," he replied. "Honey, we've got hours yet, so . . ." Again he moved to embrace her. This time her resistance was entirely a token affair. "Oh, all right, lover," she sighed. "But just once, until we figure this thing out."

It was, of course, more than once, but sanity and cupidity returned well before the space-sled put them down at the spaceport. However, all they were able to decide upon was a term of watchful waiting, while Rhoda was to maintain contact with Arne and Diego and try to worm whatever she could out of them. But the two top thieves returned from Niobe only to feed and sleep during the next two days, and she was unable to obtain further information.

Cecil was hanging around the spaceport saloon, mentally twiddling his thumbs, to check on their behavior on their next return when the big starship settled slowly on its plasticrete pad with a final fiery blast from its venturis. Although no regular interstellar vessel was scheduled, he regarded it with interest, saw the bulky form of its only passenger walk swiftly down the ramp and head toward the administration offices. More for something to do than with definite intent, Cecil headed there himself. He was restless away from Rhoda, trusting her no further than he could throw his left arm, and had no desire to incapacitate himself by sopping up an overload of booze.

Thus he was in time to see Arne MacWilliams greet the newcomer and usher him out of the building toward the waiting rank of cabs. Cecil watched them aero off the cabramp, then strolled past the registration desk, glancing at the big top card where the bulky man had signed in before picking up his luggage. His eyebrows rose a notch, and he headed for

Rhoda's apartment.

She was sitting, pearly pink and nude as the day of her birth under the bathroom dryer, having her soft curls tinted a delicate peach hue. He

said, "Harvey La Maze of Interstellar Mines just blew in. Arne was there to greet him and whisk him away, How do you like them apples, Rhoda?

Rhoda reached for a purple cigarette, puffed it thoughtfully as its tip ignited. She looked, Cecil thought, like an incredibly pure and beautiful Vestal virgin. She said, her green eyes very, very thoughtful, "It's really big then, if La Maze made a special trip here just to see the boys. What would bring a hot trouble-shooter like him all the way out here, lover?'

Just one thing," said Cecil, his thoughtfulness matching hers. "Centaurinium . . . it's the one rare metal they've never been able to synthesize . . . too volatile under temperature changes. The going market price is about four hundred thousand credits

a kilo. But Niobe . . .'

"Are you sure there's no centaurinium on Niobe?" Rhode asked gently.

Cecil shrugged. "Before our pals turned up, I was sure. Now I'm not."

Rhoda pushed the dryer away, and smiled enchantingly, mischievously. "What a beautiful, beautiful deal!" she exclaimed softly. "I wonder where they got enough of the stuff to salt it with."

"Probably from Interstellar Mines," said Cecil, shaking his head admiringly. "The company has a nearmonopoly on the stuff."

"You should push your claim of ownership now," she suggested.

Cecil shook his head, this time in negation. "Not likely," he told her. "The first lawyer who looks at it will spot it for a fake." Then, drawing her to her feet and seizing her by her soft, pearly, nude shoulders, "Honeycomb, we've got to work fast. You want to make enough change to get us off this damned planet in style?"

She didn't answer in words — she didn't have to. The sudden blaze of hope in her emerald eyes was enough. He gave her a smart crack on her adorable bottom and said, "Okay then, honeycomb, we've got to get to work . . . and we've got to move fast. Do you think you can get your hooks into Harvey LaMaze long enough to get a commitment out of him?'

She shook back her newly-tinted hair and ran both hands through it, said, "Show me the man I can't hook, lover . . . especially just off a stag star-boat. What sort of a commitment do you want?"

"I want a promise to pay reward money for missing centaurinium at the moment of its delivery, no matter what form the delivery comes in." He paused, frowned, added, "That's important, honeycomb . . . no matter what form the delivery comes in."

"I'll get it," she said quietly. Along with her overwhelming physique and technique, one of Rhoda Frost's most endearing qualities was her ability not to ask questions when questions were not needed.

"What will this do to our friends?"

she asked.

'Nothing good, I hope," Cecil told her, moving to pick up his coverall. "Think you can make contact today,

honeycomb?"

"Sure thing, lover . . . if La Maze is with those two goons," she replied. Then, holding out a hand, "Better let me have that crazy deed of yours. It will soften them up if I claim I got it from you . . . after letting you catch them working the satellite the other day, what are you going to do?"

He looked up from the blaster he

was checking before thrusting it into a pocket of his coverall. "Me?" he said innocently enough. "I'm going to take a little run up to Niobe myself."

"Diego will be there," she warned. "I don't trust him. Be careful, lover . . I'd be heartbroken if anything

happened to you.'

He pulled her close and his eyes mocked her. "For all of three days, maybe," he told her. She pouted and said, "How can you say a thing like that after what we've meant to each other?"

"I can say it because, underneath, you are almost exactly like me," he said, smiling. "I know myself much too well not to know you. That's why we understand each other as we do. You soften up Arne, and then get to work on La Maze . . . he's going to be the money man in this deal."

"Lover," she said, pressing her unclad delights against the smoothness of his coverall, "don't get in trouble

... and don't get hurt."

"I'll try not to," he replied, then bent to plant a passionate kiss on her parted coral lips. At the door, minutes later, she clung to him again, murmuring, "Aren't you even going to be jealous, lover . . . of Harvey La Maze?"

'Not when it's business,' he said, laughing again, "No more than you'll be jealous of me when our roles are reversed." He gave her another lovepat on the fanny, then slipped from the apartment,

As on his earlier trip to Niobe with Rhoda, Cecil brought his rented spacesled into a landing well over the tiny catellite's horizon from the cavern area where the operation was in progress. He was still awed by the sheer audacity of the swindle Arne Mac-Williams had cooked up. It never occurred to him that the more muscular Diego Ferrero could have conceived, much less plotted out and brought to fruition such a beautiful bit of 24-carat larceny.

The crying need for centaurinium in a rapidly expanding galaxy was greater than the mad search for oilfuel which had taken up so much of poor old Earth's energies just before atomics and the quantum overdrive made true space travel possible.

It was the only element thus far discovered that cut the time of interstellar travel in fractions without the otherwise occasional disasters caused by the instabilities inherent in slipping in and out of overdrive but the supply was sadly limited, and the stuff was far more precious than diamonds, or even radium in the Curie era.

Any year, almost any hour, word would be flashed around the inhabited galaxy that scientists, working around the clock on a crash program, had discovered a means of manufacturing centaurinium synthetically. But, until such word arrived, the desperate shortage would be intensified. It was the very desperation that made Arne Maca Williams' master - swindle possible. Through a lawyer proxy, he and Ferrero had taken out a claim-lease on Niobe some two years ago, Earth-time. Cecil had checked the facts while preparing his own false deed of owner-

ship of the tiny satellite.

Somehow, somewhere, they had evidently obtained enough of the precious element to do an effective salting job behind the force-field barrier they had set up to bar the Barkers and other unwelcome intruders, like Cecil Buckmaster. They had rigged a direct wire to Harvey La Maze somehow, and had flashed him word of their "discovery." Now the bait was set and the fish on hand for the hooking. Interstellar Metals would pay through the nose for even a smell of centaurinium. And the cream of the jest, from the swindlers' point of view, was that they would be paying for being deluded by metal stolen from their own supplies.

Although he had no proof, Cecil knew that this was the game. It was the only way it made sense. He shook his head again, in reluctant admiration, as he donned helmet and atmosphere suit and checked the blaster once more, before slipping through the space-sled

airlock.

He approached the force-barrier cautiously, keeping undercover of the rocks and crags that studded the satellite's scant surface. It was easy to mark the barrier, despite its invisibility. Along its entire expense of several hundred meters, the Barkers pushed, yipping silently in the airlessness that surrounded them, seeking food they could not reach. Diego, his space-suit gleaming in the reflected glow of

-turn to page 52





LIKE THE PAGAN - THE UNUSUAL - SOMETHING DIFFERENT???

Then correspond with men and women with similar interests and tastes. Flease do not state your preferences in your first letter. Send \$2.00 for names, addresses and membership to club. Send \$10.00 for set of 12 - 4x5 photos suggested by members. Write to "HOLIDAY", 5880 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

Sell our ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS and other NOVELTIES. Each booklet size 41/x3 and is ILLUSTRATED with comic characters. We will is ILLUSTRATED with comic confectures. We will send 24 asst, booklets prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00 or 60 asst. booklets sent prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No orders sent C.O.D. SEND CASH OR MONEY ORDER.

REPSAC SALES CO. Dept.



Shipped prepaid in plain, sealed package. No C.O.D.'s. NATIONAL, Dept. 19-F. Box 5, Sta. E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

Arethusa's orange-and-grey, sat idly at the mouth of the cavern on a plastic case. From the angle of his helmet, Cecil judged him to have fallen asleep on the job.

He moved parallel to the barrier's arc, until he was again out of possible eyeshot from Diego's post. He checked his hand-blaster again, to make sure it was set for self-feed. In this condition, by pressing the button, he would cause it to intake energy. Since there was no atmosphere to draw on, it would pluck inexorably at the barrier, pulling a section of it outward to form a neat hole. This was why Arne MacWilliams had forbidden Diego to use his weapon when Cecil dropped in unannounced earlier.

His dark eyes alight with anticipation, Cecil aimed carefully at the nearest barrier-point. The Barkers felt the pull of his weapon on their posteriors and slithered clear of its beam, giving Cecil a clear shot at his target. From their intensity of purpose and reluctance to move clear, Cecil judged it was close to the monthly mating time. He chuckled, finished breaching the barrier, then put the safety back on. Then he sat back to watch.

Any sudden excitement would set the crazy creatures off on their big biological binge at this turn of the calendar. Unable to smoke inside his helmet, Cecil grew restless—the stupid animals had not even discovered the gate in the barrier he had obligingly blasted for them, though one of the Barkers was sniffing at it, with a slowly growing cluster of others crowding close upon it from the rear. Their sharp-fanged mouths opened and closed like the mouths of goldfish in a bowl.

Cecil picked up a jagged hunk of rock, hefted it in his gauntleted hand, then lobbed it clumsily at the herd of alien creatures. It arched lazily through the airlessness, glittering in the reflected light of the planet that bulked so large in the star-studded, ink-black sky. It landed on the haunch of one of the rearmost Barkers, causing it to lunge in spasmodic reaction, pushing sharply against the creature immediately in front of it.

Slowly, the chain reaction began, like a heaving wave among the Barkers, until the curious creature in their van was shoved arse-over-teakettle through the gap. It lay there briefly, on the soilless rock, then began rolling and waving its flipperlike limbs in a dance of exultation at finding itself within the forbidden ring of ground. As one animal, its fellows and sisters reacted to the discovery of the breach, and the stampede was on. A veritable river of Barkers flowed

through the gap from both directions, and went slithering and leaping about in the carefully salted minefield.

A wild shout sounded within his helmet, followed by alarmed curses in the interstellar lingua franca, as well as in a number of tongues Cecil had never before heard in his not wholly innocent life. Diego very evidently had the wind up. Cecil waited until the last Barker had slipped through the opening, then put his blaster on forceshield and repaired the breach in a matter of seconds. Then, although the temptation to linger and watch the fun was strong within him, he turned off the heat and made his way back to the rented space-sled as inconspicuously as possible. The idea of the thick witted muscle-headed Diego caught in the midst of hundreds of Barkers at mating time made him chuckle all the way back to the Cerberus City spaceport. There, he paid rent for his sled and adjourned to Rhoda's apartment.

She was in the process of trying on a new clout-and-bra outfit of costly Antarean floefur as he entered, preening herself in front of the triplereflectors. Unnoticed, he admired her self-admiration for a long moment, before saying, "Honeycomb, what happened? Did you fall into the mint?"

She ran to him with a little cry of joy and flung her arms around him and kissed him and pulled him over to the contour-twin with her. She said, "I let Arne MacWilliams buy me out for cash, lover. He was so pleased to get that deed of yours to Niobe that he forked over a thousand credits."

"Nice going," he said, smiling inwardly and maliciously at the prospect of Arne's feeling when he discovered his elaborate deal was kaput. "What about Harvey La Maze?"

Rhoda kissed him and shrugged. "It was pathetic," she said. "He was so anxious after his trip that he couldn't play the man at all."

"What about a payoff?" Cecil asked.
"I'm not interested in your sex life with anyone else but me."

"You Barker!" she said affectionately, nuzzling him. "It's important. I was very sweet and patient with him, and it was easy. He'll pay eighty thousand credits a kilo reward, in certified stellar draft, no questions asked and no beefs about the form and manner of its return. He says Interstellar lost a couple of kilos from its Ganymede labs over a year ago, Earth-time."

labs over a year ago, Earth-time."
"I thought so!" Cecil chuckled

Rhoda tumbled him impatiently, sat astride him, pinning his shoulders, and said, "Lover, what about you? What happened up there?"

He told her, and her green eyes

grew round. Then she said, "But, lover, if the Barkers eat up all the centaurinium, how can we cash in on a reward?"

Cecil chuckled again. "That's the joker, honeycomb," he told her. "That's why I had you get that commitment from La Maze. Once they mate and feed, the Barkers excrete before they sleep. It's not very elegant, but it's the only way Interstellar is going to get back its precious Centaurinium. And if we don't tell them, they might not get it back at all... which would be a pitiful waste in more senses than one."

"You can say that again, lover!" said Rhoda, her green eyes now aglow with admiration. "But how do we collect?"

"You have one more date with La Maze," he said, "after he gets back from Niobe. He'll be ready to listen to anything by then. After all, a wildgoose chase out here isn't going to do his record any good. Then you bring him to me."

"Then what?" she asked. "I mean, when this is all over?"

He gave her a squeeze. "Then," he said, "I think we might travel. I hear there's a big tourism revival on Mars since they finally got the Red Desert irrigated. I always did like their lichenwasser, and we might get some action. How does it sound?"

"Wonderful, lover!" murmured Rhoda. "I've missed you so . . ."

"Even with La Maze to amuse yourself on?" he asked, drawing her close. She stuck out her tongue at him, then pressed her perfect lips to his. He responded as if he had never kissed a woman before in his entire life...

TWO WEEKS LATER, Earthtime, looking every inch the rich honeymooners, Cecil and Rhoda were served their Venerian boullion by a seamy-faced, very correct steward who performed his function with a shade too much perfection. They were aboard the ultramodern Starship Polaris, bound for the inner planets of Earth's solar system. Rhoda said, to the steward, "Hello, Arne. How goes it?"

"Can't complain, ma'am," he replied with exactly the proper shade of servility. "I was fortunate that the situation was available when the Polaris hit Arethusa."

"Where's Diego?" Cecil asked.

"Sir, he's down in the hole, stoking the fusion-feeders," was the correct reply.

"Just for old times' sake," said Cecil to Rhoda, "it's a pity we didn't bring a baby Barker along. We could have given it to him as a pet."

PED LATES NEW SPEED PLATER REPLATES AUTO CHROME right on YOUR CAR with PERMANENT PLATING!

BRING BACK NEW-CAR BRILLIANCE

Here at last is the car-owner's answer to all chrome problems . . . a way that you can do actual ELECTROPLATING right on your own car. You put a brand-new, shiny plating on bumpers, grille, all auto trim. You bring back new beauty and sparkle to your car . . INCREASE ITS VALUE . . . make yourself proud to own and drive it. With SPEED-PLATER you put on new metal as you brush! And the plating you apply becomes an INDESTRUCTIBLE PART of the metal you plate . . . bonds itself on — forms a hard, sparkling, metal surface that defies all elements!

BUMPERS - GRILLWORK - ALL CAR TRIM RESTORED TO NEW BRILLIANCE

Here is how easily you REPLATE your car... you simply clamp SPEEDPLATER'S wires to your car's battery, then dip SPEEDPLATE Brush into the miracle plating solution and plate anywhere around your car — without removing any parts. Said mild current works FAST — yet uses less battery juice than the tiniest light on your car.

MAKE OF GONEY PLATING

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours...because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today NEED RE-PLATING. You can charge \$5.00 for touching-up to \$50.00 for replating an entire car.

Plating is fun, too! You'll get a kick out of taking rusted, pitted, worn metal and bringing it back to shining smoothness. When neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll want you to do the job for them.

And you can plate other things for profit, too ... faucets, appliances, tableware, cutlery, tools, doctors and denists' instruments ... you can get more solutions at low prices any time - also solutions to plate silver, gold and rhodium. There's big money in jewelry and silverplate work! You get ALL INSTRUCTIONS for plating with your Speedplate Outfit!

PRAISE FOR SPEEDPLATERI

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with Extraordinary Results. Here's what users say: "To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do... we have to start Booking Jobs ahead like the family Doctor..." F. S., Kokomo, Ind. "The Speedplater is certainly one of the most useful devices ever placed within the motorist's reach. It does everything stated for it and does it exceptionally well. There's no poor chrome on my car now." D. C. Eimhurst, N. Y.

YOU CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS
Remember, we guarantee YOUR
SpeedPlater, will perform for
you as it has for hundreds of other satisfied
users, or your
money back!

CAR DEALERS & SERVICE STATIONS Make BIG PROFITS with Special HEAVY-DUTY OUTFIT

Now you can make TERRIFIC PROFITS plating right in your own shop — without removing bumbers, grille, etc. Increase value of your used cars! Touch up new cars! Restore worn chrome areas to bright, new sparkle! Bulck Dealer says: "Wonderful. We had excellent results". Heavy Duty Outfit electroplates on current from standard 12 volf battery. Entire Outfit, COMPLETE, only \$34.95. Includes Plating Brush with Permanent Anode, Wires and Clips for Battery Connection, Special Buffing Wheels and Compound, Special Grinding Wheel, Stripping Solution to remove old chromium, Rust Remover, Special Polish, enough Plating Solutions for dozens of cars! You guickly make back entire cost on your very first job! Additional supplies always available from us at rock-bottom prices. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order now. IF COD, send \$5 deposit.

CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED



MAIL COUPON NOW - YOU RISK NOTHING

If you want to put new, permanent, gleaming plating on your own car, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not COMPLETELY satisfied with great results, just return your outfit in 10 days in good condition and get FULL CASH REFUND ACT NOW! Here's what you get: SPEEDPLATER Brush, with permanent Anode for life-time plating; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up; enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffing Wheels and Buffing Compound, Special Metal Polish, Full simple instructions. Just mail coupon with only \$1 deposit, then pay postman \$13.95 plus postage when SPEEDPLATER arrives, or send \$14.95 with order and we pay all postage charges. SAME GUARANTEE EITHER WAY. EASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. 460
5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.
Please rush the electroplating kit I have checked.

- Regular SPEEDPLATE OUTFIT, \$14.95 (if C.O.D. send \$1 deposit).
- Heavy-Duty Service Station Outfit, \$34.95 (if C.O.D. send \$5 deposit).
- I enclose full price, send postpaid.

City_

I understand that I must be COMPLETELY SATISFIED or I may return kit within 10-days for immediate CASH REFUND. Name

Address



Adams

TAKEN!

She took my hand in sheltered nooks, She took my candy, and my books, She took that lustrous wrap of fur, She took those gloves I bought for her, She took my words of love and care, She took my brandy, old and rare, She took my time for quite awhile, She took my kisses, maid so shy, She took, I must confess, my eye, She took whatever I would buy And then she took another guy.

CONFIDENT

WALTER: Can you love two girls simultaneously?
HARVEY: Almost any old time.



DISCRIMINATING

Female voice in a dark movie house
— "Hey, you — take your hand off my knee . . . No, not you — you!"



"Never saw a girl take to this outdoor life as quickly as you!"

THREE STAGES OF MAN

First—tri-weekly Second—try-weekly Third—Try-weakly.



HO-HUM

It was a good five years since Clarence had visited his home town, and in that time he had gone to Hollywood and established himself as a successful screen star. Naturally, his old friends and relatives were eager to hear his experiences and gathered around the night of his return to hear what life in the film capital was like.

"Most of the stories you hear about Hollywood and film folk are so much hogwash, cooked up for publicity purposes," Clarence informed them, "It's a hard-working place, and being a film actor isn't much different from working at a regular job in, say, Minneapolis or St. Paul. You get up, you go to work, you get through, you go home. I'm almost never up later than ten o'clock. Why, only the other day, I said to my bride, "George . . ."



DISCOVERY!

The farmer's wife was about to leave the small-town hospital after her tenth annual child-bearing visit. "Just like clockwork," said the smiling nurse at the discharge desk. "I suppose we'll be seeing you next year as usual, Mrs. Furrow."

"No, ma'am," Mrs. Furrow replied politely. "My husband and me, we just found out what's been causin' it."

CANDID

The photographer awakened one morning with a pain in the neck. During the day, it bothered him so much that he paid a visit to his doctor.

"Do you sleep with the window opened?" the physician asked. And, when the photographer nodded, "That's it then. It's all right to have your window open, but until you have completely recovered, by all means keep your neck from exposure."

That evening, upon going to bed, the photographer's wife was in an ultra-amorous mood. However, even during the course of such pleasant dalliance, the photographer heeded the doctor's advice to keep his neck covered. As the bedding slipped below his shoulders, he would grab for it and pull the blanket back up over his head.

After this had happened a half dozen times, his wife exclaimed in exasperation, "Honey, are you making love or taking pictures?"



BUCK-FEVER LATERAL

"Doctor," said the voice on the phone, "my son has scarlet fever."

"I know that," the physician replied.
"After all, didn't I call at your home yesterday and treat him. Just be sure he is kept isolated, and —"

"Doctor, you don't understand," said the caller desperately. "Since then, he has kissed our maid."

"That's unfortunate," the doctor answered. "Now it will probably be necessary to quarantine her."

"But, doctor," since then, the maid kissed me!"

"In that case, you may have contracted the sickness yourself."

"Heavens! And since then, I've kissed my wife."

"Good God!" cried the doctor.
"Now I'll almost certainly catch it,
too!"

FRAGILE

Come to think of it, it's small wonder newborn babies are so susceptible to injury. After all, they're put together with but a single screw!

HERO

The newlyweds were happily settled in the honeymoon cottage bedroom when they were interrupted by a rap on the door. Opening it, the husband found himself confronted by an mugg holding a pistol. The ruffian pushed his way in and began collecting such valuables as the cottage held, when he caught sight of the gorgeous bride trying to hide under the covers and forgot all about commerce.

"You!" he snapped at the horrified groom. "You stand in the center of the floor, and don't move." Taking a piece of chalk, he drew a white circle on the floor around his victim and growled, "Move one inch out of that circle, and I'll drill you dead center."

There, the wretched young man was forced to stand, while the ruffian undressed, climbed into bed with his wife and took his pleasure of her forcibly, not once but a number of times. When he finally departed, after rifling the cottage, the furious bride turned on her husband and cried, "What kind of a man are you to stand there and let this happen? Are you a coward or what?"

"I'm no coward," retorted the bridegroom stoutly. "Every time he turned his back, I stuck my foot out of the circle."



RUEFUL

An attractive young filly named Doris
Found out the hard way what a
whore is,
Said she, feeling pensive,
"It's too damped expensive.
I was better off back in the chorus."

OBVIOUS

A bachelor never Mrs. anything.



"Everytime I revive him he faints again!"

She saw herself alone on the road, the knifer lurking in every shadow.

Walk Me Home

by H. H. GENTILE

barbecue hot in the cashier's booth, out in the entrance of the movie house. Yet Myrtle, who sat on her stool behind the window with its tiny gate, was icy cold. She sat there silently, barely chewing her gum, staring at the dark store-windows on the north side of Market Street, not registering what she actually saw except in her subconscious mind.

What her imagination envisioned was far more vivid—the long, dark stretch of one-way road that led up to her little house on the top of Mulberry Hill, a quarter of a mile away. She saw herself walking home alone, with the unmoving tree shadows threatening her from both sides, each of them offering shelter for the lurker, who would slip silently up behind her and strip the clothes from her body before he carried her into the trees and had his way with her—first with his body, then with his knife.

At first, after Tasha, the plump Polish girl who worked in the Greek restaurant, got it that way, Myrtle's imagination hadn't troubled her. But when Leila, the plump redhead who hashed at the drive-in on Pine Corner; got it, she had begun to feel the fear, rising every night as she sat in her isolation booth, just one question pounding at her: "When is he coming for you?"

She knew it was crazy. The lurker, whoever he was, was probably a thousand miles away by now, stalking the lonely night-women of some other town, picking and choosing his next victim. He'd have to be crazy to hang around, with the whole town on the alert... still, he'd have to be crazy to do what he did.

She shivered, imagining what it must feel like to have a big, sharp knife





stuck into her belly, and the blade drawn slowly upward, while the blood gushed out black in the moonlight. The

thought all but made her ill.

Freddy, the usher, came out, carrying a bag of popcorn and munching. He looked at her in her cage, and his eyebrows went up. "What you hanging around for, Myrt?" he asked, still chewing. "Why n't you take a powder and get some sleep. Or maybe you're waiting for a date, huh?"

"Aw, shut up, Freddy," she said good-naturedly. He was a fresh kid, but he meant well, even though he was always pestering her for a date.

"You probably do all right at that," he said, appraising her penciled-eye-brow, blondined charms. "You wear falsies, honey, or are those for real?"

"That's the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question," she replied. It was an

old bit between them.

"Hey!" he said, his eyes small with speculation. "You been hanging around most every night lately. You scared of that knife artist maybe?"

"Aw, shut up!" she repeated, but some sharpness in her tone gave her away. He kept on looking at her.

""Don't let it get you, Myrt," he said, unexpectedly sympathetic. "It must be tough at that, you living alone like you do,:a guy like that being loose and all." "Sometimes" she conceded.

His young-old face peered at hers through the window. "Maybe you'd like it for me to walk you home?" he offered.

"You're kinda young, Freddy," she said, for the first time not rebuffing his efforts to get at her; "You know how

they talk in this town."

"Like every other town," he replied, asserting his superiority of travel. His low, narrow forehead creased in thought, and he suggested, "Maybe if I was to pick you up at the corner, where your road starts, it'd be okay. Then I could be back in time to close up, and you wouldn't have to make it so late after show's out."

"Gee," said Myrtle weakening. "I just dunno."

'See you in five minutes," he said, disappearing from in front of the booth.

Myrtle thought it over, then closed up her booth. Mr. Briggs, the manager, had already collected the night's take, half an hour earlier, and stowed it in the safe. She went inside and got her summer coat and her bag. Then she went out and began walking along Market Street to the Mulberry Hill turnoff. She told herself she must be crazy as the lurker himself to let herself get so scared of nothing. Mr. Acust, the night cop, drove by in his white-painted Ford, and she waved to him. He waved back.

Freddy was waiting in a doorway.

She didn't see or hear him until he took her arm, and the suddenness made her jump like a rabbit, "Lord!" she exclaimed softly. 'You scared the . . . you scared me.'

"Didn't mean to," he replied. "Just

didn't want to start gossip.

"That's very thoughtful of you, Freddy, honestly," Myrt told him.

"Aw," he said, "why would I want to cause trouble for a sweet girl like you?"

"You might," she said. "Some peo-

ple do."
"I might at that," he admitted, "but ing for the right girl in this town ever since I got here. You're real sexy, know that, Myrt? Real sexy!

"You're kidding!" she replied as they entered the lane of trees. "Besides, I'm much too old for you."

"Ha!" he snorted. "I'm no kid . . .

I'm twenty-six,"

"You don't look it," she said. "But I'm twenty-nine." It was a lie by seven years, but she was so used to saying it that it came out easy.

"So what's three years after you reach a certain age," he asked. Then, insidiously, "How about trying on a kiss...just for size?"

"You're crazy," she said.
"Aw, come on," he told her. "Only
you and me will know about it." He had stopped and his hands were on her body, turning her toward him.

"No, Freddy," she said, but she didn't mean it. It had been a long time since a man had wanted to kiss her. She knew it wasn't smart, not with a kid like Freddy, but the deep hunger within her rose up to blot out anything else. Her lips devoured his, and she set herself so that his hands could make free of her starved body.

It was rough, she thought, rough and crude, there on the ground, but that didn't matter. The sheer physical happiness and then the sense of relief she felt made her want to cry. When it was over, she started to get up and put her clothing in some sort of order. But his hands were on her, forcing her down again.

"Freddy!" she gasped. "Freddy,

haven't you had enough?"

He didn't say anything, just kept on pushing her down with one hand that was too strong for her. She saw the look in his eyes then, and the look of his mouth. She opened her lips to scream, but then his hand was over them, muffling all sound.

"No you don't!" he whispered hoarsely, "No you don't! The fun's

only just starting."

It was then she saw the gleam of moonlight on the knife in his other hand.

NEW MOLD-PRODUCED CHEMICAL FOR

WALTER FIELD, Dept. 58, 6399 Wilshire, Los Angeles 48, Cal.

COLOR FILM 8mm 16mm

also BLACK & WHITE

WET NUDES and STRIPPERS.

8mm B & W (50 ft, Roll).......\$3.00

8mm Color (50 ft, Roll)......\$6.00

16mm B & W (100 ft. Roll)....\$ 6.00 16mm Color (100 ft. Roll).....\$12.00

Also Available: COLOR SLIDES and GLOSSY PHOTOS

SKEPTICAL? Send 25c for sample B&W Film Strip for 50c for Color Film Strip.

BEAUTIFORM Dent. AS Box 34744, Palms Station, Los Angeles 34, Calif.

8-16mm MOVIES

action films (European style, 50-400 ft.) for artists, photographers, and connoisseurs.

For free brochure write to: KAY ENTERPRISES, INC. CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS



PICTURES TAKEN AT A PARTY ...

. . . for connoiseurs! Set, \$5. Confidential catalog with order MODELCRAFT, Box 75A Cliffelde Park, N.J.

TERRIFIC ADULT CATALOG

FIVE THOUSAND art photos. Send no money, just your name, address, and 24c in stamps for large 16 page illustrated catalog of adult merchandise., Art photos, pin-ups, art books, playing cards. French books, novels, etc. One of the largest of its kind. Roy A. Oakley, 627 West Bastland, Gallatin, Tennessee.

NEW! Just Out. STRIPPERS' SCHOOLBOOK

STRIPPERS' SCHOOLBO(

By Venus the Body

Just off the press! Nationally famous "Venus the Body" shows all. Tells how girls can now make up to \$500 per week as a "Stripper", Describes in detail the intimate garments worm skin tight; reveals by text and pictures the exciting professional secrets of "Strip Teasings". Endorsed by such famous strippers as: Pattl Waggin, Marcia Edgington, Norma Arden (of "Bachelor Party" fame). Send \$1.98 (ppd.) teday for this thrilling and informative book, loaded with tusciaus photos and facts, "STRIPPERS' SCHOOLBOOK" from Venus Francesce Enterprises Venus Francesco Enterprises 6000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46,



THE MOON, from page 45

Wrestling in mud is a practice frequently revived in American professional rings during the last two decades, and one generally frowned upon, save by the most addicted devotees of the sport, as unsanitary. Apparently, public attitudes toward dirt have changed, but wrestling gadgetry remains agelessly the same.

Wrestling, however, was not the exclusive property of the Ancient Greeks, although the action-and-blood-hungry Romans found the sport in general too tame for their liking. Mediaeval Europe went in for it, as did the Tatar hordes of Ghenghis Khan and Tamerlaine, and the monstrous-fat Sumo wrestlers of Japan have a tradition that dates back for centuries.

The modern sport began to take hold, however, only since about 1860, when French wrestling schools developed a tedious, no tripping code of rules which they termed "Graeco-Roman" wrestling -- Falthough this version of the sport had little or nothing to do with Ancient World techniques. A troupe of these stylists reached America just after the Civil War, and put on a highly successful tour, exhibiting their dexterity and prowess and challenging all comers.

Among the challengers was a young man from Manhattan named William Muldoon, who had cut his spurs as a

teen-age cavalry trooper with General Phil Sheridan in the Shenandoah, Richmond and Appomatox campaigns. Said Muldoon, sixty years later, when he headed the New York State Boxing Commission, "Their style of wrestling was Graeco-Roman, and I frequently accepted their challenges, which paid good money for fifteen minutes, or as long as one could last. I succeeded in getting to the top through experience, and the public designated me as the Champion, a position which I struggled to maintain through many years. In 1887, I retired."

But the restricted Graedo-Roman style was far too limited in both action and mayhem for neo-Roman American tastes. Men like Farmer Burns and George Bothner began their rises to fame and fortune in a far freer, far more profitible, style, which included a lot more tossing of limbs and op-

ponents around the ring.

But not until the dawn of the 20th century and the rise of Frank Gotch did American professional wrestling really begin to pick up steam. As befitted a man with his peculiar, if monosyllabic, last name, Gotch was a master of the crotch-hold. As a means of applying this chronic opponent-upsetter more easily, he devised the toe-hold, a bending back of the foot which has given birth to more inspired grimaces of anger and howls of pain and agon-



"Well, Mr. Bernhardt, what did the waiter suggest?"

ized mat-pounding than any other single device to aid wrestling hams.

On April 3rd, 1908, the boy from Humboldt, Iowa, became the official heavyweight wrestling champion by demolishing Georges Hackenschmidt, the so-called "Russian Lion", in a twohour grunting duel described by on-lookers as a "peculiar struggle, in which both contestants were badly used up." Just how the struggle was peculiar is not explained, but it has the gloriously spurious ring of all professional wrestling chicanery.

At any rate, the peculiarity paid off - for, the following year, Gotch successfully defended his crown (or belt) against one Yussiff Mahmout, more familiarly dubbed and exploited by his manager, William A. Brady, as the "Terrible Turk", for a gate of over \$40,000. Thus, for the first time, a properly promoted "farm-boy hero" with a properly promoted special hold defeated a properly promoted alien "villain" for a properly relished sum of money. The script was set, the pattern frozen, the stencil cut, despite the infinite and endless variations that were to follow

By the time Frank Gotch succumbed on December 16, 1917, losing a final fall to ptomaine as a result of eating the canned crabmeat of the era, he was a rich man. A college-grad opponent, Dr. Benjamin F. Roller, eulogized Gotch as the 'most intellectual, brilliant and the greatest of all wrestlers." Roller, who had degrees from Depauw and the University of Pennsylvania, was labeled by Gotch as the "secondbest wrestler in the U.S.", and was, for several seasons, his regular patsy on nationwide tours. Just how intellectual Gotch actually was will probably never be known, but evidently good Dr. Roller had great respect for his boss' script-writing and ad-libbing abilities, as well as plenty of time to consider same while lying on his back gazing up at the "moon"

Joe Stecher, a body-scissors expert, claimed the title, but was demolished by an ex-G.I. named Earl Craddock, to say nothing of the Zbysko brothers, Vladek and Stanislaus, a pair of hairless, neckless Poles, amiable gentlemen and philosophers both, who resembled nothing so much a a duo of Lower Slobbovians conceived and drawn by Al Capp. These were the last of the old-school wrestlers, who ushered the sport into the Golden Twenties.

As in just about every other field of athletic endeavor, a super-champion promptly arose in the prognatheous, blue-chinned person of Strangler Lewis. As might be judged from the nickname, Lewis was a head and neckhold specialist, his forte being a fierce headlock that was reputed to pop thinskulled victims' brainpans like so many eggshells. Legend (and the publicity men wrestling was inevitably beginning to attract) had it that special ring attendants had to sweep up the dropped eyeballs of his opponents after each of his bouts, eyeballs forced out of their sockets by the terrific pressure the Strangler could generate when feeling in the mood for mayhem. Lewis, a jowly, bandy-legged individual, amassed a fortune beyond the dreams of the unlucky Frank Gotch while mopping up the nation's mats with a select (and selected) group of

Naturally, against such a made-toorder villain, there had to be a hero to make the script work properly. In 1925, this hero seemed to have arrived in the prodigious person of Wayne "Biggie" Munn, of the celebrated, emperor-size Nebraska athletic family of the same name. A tremendous football player, and thus a college "hero" already, Biggie was lured by promoter Jack Curly's gold to make hash of the heavyweight wrestling division. He "defeated" the strangler, before a record-breaking house, and a halcyon series of rematches lay rosily ahead in the future when somebody fouled up the scenario, and Munn was soundly thrashed, first by Joe Stetcher, then by Lewis, who had stubbornly refused to surrender his championship belt. Just who doublecrossed whom, and who paid for it, are points hotly argued even today among the cognoscenti of the sport.

Frantically, Curly looked around for another hero to match with his professional villain, but failed to find one who could even look convincing while winning a carefully prepared bout, Instead, his then-deadly rival, Boston Promoter Paul Bowser, came up with the money-maker by putting Gus "the Goat" Sonnenburg into the ring, thereby inaugurating wrestling's true Golden Age, which burst into highcarat bloom just as other sports were developing rickets in theirs. Dempsey was an ex-champ, Babe Ruth was over his peak, so was Big Bill Tilden, and Bobby Jones was on the verge of his 1930 retirement from golf.

Gus Sonnenburg was born in Northern Michigan, the 13th child of wellto-do parents who wanted him to attend the nearby University of Minnesota when he reached college agé. Gus, however, was determined to attend Dartmouth for reasons known only to himself. In the battle of stubborn, Swedish mules that followed, the youth was cut off by his father and walloped docks at Marquette to earn sufficient funds to get him to Hanover and pay his first semester's tuition.

—turn the page





HOME TOUCH PHOTOS

Candid Pases of Girls at home in silk stockingst

8 4x5 GLOSSYS \$2.00

24 4x5's Dept. 2 RENEE' CO.

Box 2804, Hollywood 28, Colif.

GOVERNMENT 40 ACRE OIL LEASE S100

Act of Congress gives citizent equal rights with Oil Co's, to obtain Govt, leases, You do no drilling; yet may share in fartunes made from oil on public lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming areas. Willet

NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS 8272- AS SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.



NATIONAL, Dept. 19-F, Box 5, Stal E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS & NOVELTIES

OUR VEST POCKET series of ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS are the kind that are ILLUSTRATED with comic characters. The NOVELTIES are the kind YOU want for EXCITEMENT and AMUSEMENT. 16 DIFFERENT Booklets and 4 different novelties sent prepaid in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00. No C.O.D. orders or check accepted. WHOLESALE PRICE LIST included with orders only. cluded with orders only

LIVE WIRE NOVELTY CO., Dept. 40 128-East Broadway, Box 6 - New York 2, N. Y.

HARD TO PLEASE? WE DARE TO MAKE THIS

AMAZING OFFER!

We have EXCLUSIVE photos of the pre-dicted top Twelve Starlet and Pin-up Sensations!

See these BREATHTAKING BEAUTIES as no Pin-up Magazine, TV or Movie Screen will ever show them — each UNRETOUCHED, NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN pose a RARE COLLEC-TOR'S ITEM!

DON'T confuse this with empty promises made by others. We're making this extraordinary offer only because we're sure THESE PHOTOS ARE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR and that you'll be coming back for more — LOTS MORE!

For your "Teaser Preview" of ALL TWELVE LUSCIOUS LOVELIES, send only \$1.00 (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) to Hollywood international...

H.I.T. PHOTOS DEPT. A8 700 NORTH FAIRFAX, HOLLYWOOD 48, CALIF.

UNIQUE CLUB

devoted to men and women with imagination! Exchange new ideas, meet interesting people! Models, photographers, artists, musicians, students, etc. National membership, exclusive magazine, literature, etc., artists, musicians, \$2. Send to: EMERALD. Box 143A, Englewood, N.J.



SHE KNOWS How to undress

A SET OF PHOTOS FEATURING A LOVELY MODEL IN 12 DIFFERENT POSES, UNDROFESSIONAL, AT HOME LOOK, ALL UNRETOUCHED 4X5'S 12 4x55 3.00 v 24 5 8210 5.

DON MEADORS

200 POSES SURPRISE SET Earl Carroll's Vanities & Artist's Pinups with Order.

Includes 50 men & women in Miniature Lover Photos, 50 Artist's Models, 50 Unusual Girl Photos. All on Composite 4 x 5 Photos. Sent in plain, sealed env. Everything mentioned above only \$1.00. No C.O.D.'s. SERNA'S Dept. 1 P.O. Sex 187, El Segundo, Calif.

WE POSED JUST FOR YOU!!!

HONEY—are you tired of not getting what you want from Ho! Promolers? Well breathe eday, Daddy, for your troubles are over and here's 12 good reasons why from A to L...AMY, BABS, CICE, DOLL, EVE, FLO, GIGI, HOPE, IVY, JOY,

CICE, DOLL, EVE, FLO, GIGI, HOPE, IVY, JOY, KIT and LULU—personally signed and unretouched and they're all exclusive of course!

Doubting Toms—Catalogue of all 12 \$ 1.00

Cheesecake Lovers—12-4"x5" \$ 3.00

He-Men—12-4"x5" figure studies. \$ 5.00

Cheesecake Special—144-4"x5" \$ \$29.00

He-Man Special—144-4"x5" \$ \$29.00

Artists Special—24 sets (288-4"x5"). \$69.00

Pick your girl and write to THE HAPPY TWELVE, 5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Col.



Written by a well-known physician, this educational booklet frankly reveals true facts about Sex Harmony.

- Contains interesting information on marriage relations, love zones and the technique of making love. love zones and the technique of making love.

 Explains why it is important that husband and wife reach
 the climax of relations together at the same time.

 Discloses an easy way to overcome man's early climax.
 Shows you how to achieve perfect mutual satisfaction.

Every married couple should read A Doctor Discusses See Harmony. Pocket size, brief and easy to read for your convenience. Just send this ad, your foll address (please print) and \$1 for your informative copy. No CODs, Shipped sealed and marked Personal on 10-day money-back guarantee. Don't miss the joy of your complete marital fulfillment. Order NOW! FRAMWELL CO., Rm 41G , P.O. Ben 129, Union City, N.J.

THE MOON, from page 59

That was in 1916.

Sonnenburg's stay at Dartmouth was an erratic one. It was interrupted by layoffs to raise more funds and by service in World War One, and finally terminated in 1921 via the flunkout route. However, the chunky, beefy, hard-lard Michigander was an outstanding football tackle, playing with characters like Eddy Dooley and the monolithic Swede Youngstrom, and ultimately making his bucks from the then champion (1923) Providence Steamrollers of the National Professional Football League.

This hunk of sawed-off human dynamite brought football tactics and the big money into wrestling with him. Fast, compact and strong as a bull, Gus was almost impossible to pin. Bowser, a shrewd promoter, devised the use of his flying tackle or butt. It consisted of ramming his hard-as-steel skull against the stomach, chin or diaphragm of an already-groggy opponent as hard and as often as possible, thus rendering the victim unable to continue for one reason or another. It was embellished by strategic retreats before launching, headlong, head-down charges, violently upended opponents and, when an extra dramatic fillip was needed, by the head-first dive out of the ring through the ropes when a supposed victim reeled groggily out of the line of attack, Sonnenburg may or may not have been the greatest wrestling champion of all time, but he certainly used his head the most.

Boston went mad about him, as did New York when he was permitted to flash his headlong tactics in an outlaw (non-Jack Curly controlled, that is) ring. Here was the born hero, collegebred, reckless, madly courageous, colorful, and the fans fell all over themselves and each other in the wild rush to pass their money through the boxoffice wicket in return for paste-boards. Finally, early in 1929, Gus defeated a mugg named Howard Cantowine at Madison Square Garden in a bout that must have strained the script writers

to the point of detonation.

In the final three minutes of the third, and rubber, fall, the screaming spectators fondly believed themselves witnessing a recurrence to the fabulous Dempsey-Firpo fight of 1922. The big thing in this bell-ringer of a bout was that Cantowine, too, had developed a flying tackle. Twice, he butted or threw Gus through the ropes, where muscular reporters waited to toss the ex-Dartmouthian back into the ring. Lowering his head, Sonnenburg bashed the brawny Cantowine amidships, sending him flying out of the ring in turn and, when he came scrambling back, demolished him with a tackle-butt that

left him lying helpless on the matt. It was a hell of a show and won Gus (and Bowser) a match with Lewis.

This was fought in the Boston Garden, and before a packed house, Sonnenburg won in straight falls, with a cringing Strangler losing the second via disqualification upon refusing to return to the ring after being butted out of it five times in succession. That summer, in Boston's Fenway Park, before a crowd of 20,000 raving lunatics who paid \$90,000 to view the performance, Sonnenburg beat Lewis a second time, this time with a butt "over the heart."

But Lewis came back with a different script and regained his title in New York a year or so later — and other monsters like Ed McMillin and Don George turned up to take their turns at owning the diamond belt as "whips" and "head-scissors" and "flying phantoms" became the order of the day. Wrestling lost its following in Boston as the phoniness grew too apparent for even the most naive and devoted fanatic, and the sport might have been a Depression casualty had not Jeemie Londos and his famed airplane spin rescued it (and Jack Curley) from near-bankruptcy in Manhattan,

But even in that greatest city of gulls, the appeal began to fade in the years before Pearl Harbor. Promoters, seeking desperately for any "kicks" to revive the sagging box office and keep their hungry mastodons in Tbone steaks, began putting two or more pairs of wrestlers into the ring at a time. Even more than usual, they exploited freaks like the "Angel", a good-natured French stonecutter who suffered from a distorting head-disease that made him look like a gargoyle even while it made his skull as hard as iron. They had their boys perform in sand, in mud and in cereal. They even put women wrestlers in prominent spots on their bills in an effort to lure morbidly crackpot cash, lacking any other sort of appeal.

The great flaw in the carefully rehearsed professional wrestling matches of modern times lies in the speed with which they use up their audieences. Sooner or later, the fondest aficienado finds that the script, which once roused him to blood-thirsty, screaming frenzies of excitement, no longer stirs even the sawdust in his heart. He has seen its variations once too often, and the novelty has worn off. Reluctantly or otherwise, he has become too aware of the artificiality of the whole business to be stirred at the prospect of viewing it again, especially if it costs him money,

The war proved a life-saver for professional wrestling, as, a few years later, did television. The war helped because it opened up a vast new audience. Kids in uniform saw on-thelevel wrestling during their hitches in service, and went wild over the mad action of the pro variety when they encountered it on their return from

Before they grew blase about it, television brought wrestling into the home, with a whole new set of champions playing the time-dishonored roles. Gene Stanley, a so-called "Mr. America" of the Muscle Beach, physical culture magazine, variety, became a great "hero" of the mat, with his well cut features, golden hair and tremendous, unquivering biceps. Rocco, a swarthy Argentine whose specialty was a double kick in the teeth delivered while flying through the air with the greatest of ease, became the ace of villains in the revived act.

Furthermore, the mushroom growth of television itself brought wrestling before a public that had never heard of the sport. Elderly maiden aunts were soon screaming for blood, and mild, bookkeeperish characters were howling for more mayhem on the living room screens. A personable young announcer, Dennis James, won national fame and fortune by narrating the exhibitions and emphasizing the creak of twisted limbs by squeezing a cracklebone close to the microphone.

However, once again, the sport has failed to ho its appeal. Once the phoniness be mes apparent, the vi-carious thrill is gone. The Gorgeous Georges and the Lord Blears grew great as major channel prestige waned, and even aged Heavyweight Boxing Champion Primo Carnera was unswathed from his mummy-wrappings and dusted off and pushed in front of the cameras to cavort for the customers once more. In short, it was the old story all over again — with the freaks taking charge in an effort to hold a jaded public.

Just what the answer is, nobody Legitimate wrestling, of course, is as impossible a solution as it ever was. It simply is not entertaining enough to pose as entertainment. Like old soldiers, of course, old wrestlers never die, but unlike old soldiers they don't fade away either — they either retire rich or keep right on wrestling forever. Therefore, sooner or later, when a fresh and unjaded generation grows up, there will probably again be a big-time market for professional grunt-and-groan artists.

However, if they are to hold their audience, they're going to need a new script, perhaps several --- which means they'll have to be better actors than they are today, and many of them are damned good! It's a problem,

At last he was having the accursed thing removed, never thinking he would miss it.

THE DOCTOR'S ELECtric needle hurt as it tap-tapped into the flesh of his face, but Tony didn't mind. It was removing the birthmark that had been the bane of his existence, and he had been assured there would not be even the trace of a scar on his left cheek.

Instead, he thought about the incredible run of luck that had made the operation possible — about the miracle of Coral Haydon moving into his life and letting him move into hers. Until that incredible day when Coral had come into the shoe-store where he worked, clad in pastel mink and her air of imperious command, he had been just a working stiff, a 75-buck-aweek punk who had to scrape a month's savings for a new pair of slacks or a date with a girl who, for ten dollars, was willing to, forget his birthmark and give him a good time. Coral Haydon — it still didn't seem

real. But the well-tailored, custom-made suit he was wearing, the \$600 jeweled watch on his left wrist, the \$55 bench-made shoes, the well-stuffed gold-tipped alligator billfold in his breast pocket — all these chorused reality. At one swoop, Tony had it made it and Coral.

He had, at one time or another, had dreams of possessing Lana Turner, Jayne Mansfield, Brigitte Bardot and others - but never, in his wildest moments, had he thought of Coral Haydon, the glamorous, tragedy-ridden All-American heiress to three of the nation's greatest fortunes. The poor little rich girl who had dedicated herself to young widowhood after the aircrash death of her husband, the dashing and somewhat mysterious Count Wernher von Liebnicht.

Yet it had happened overnight or, more literally, overhour. After one look at Tony, she had conferred briefly with the store manager, who had called Tony in and dismissed him, adding, "I wish I had your luck. How the

Tony had been both hurt and baffled -until, emerging from the store with his small severance check, he had been tapped on the shoulder by a whipcordclad chauffeur and convoyed into a



Rolls Royce waiting at the curb, and into the arms of a wildly passionate Coral. Since then, it had been the gravy train all the way.

Tony didn't pretend to understand it. He didn't want to understand it. There it was, and it was plenty good enough. If Coral, in moments of wild abandon, called him "Wernher", his ego was not deeply affronted, though this was the deepest mystery of all. For he looked about as unlike the goldenhaired, hawk-featured young German whose photograph, in profile, still stood on Coral's bedside table, as a mongoose to a tiger.

Day and night, for months, the sex-ual rhapsody had endured without letup - until now, when Coral had had to fly to California alone, to attend an aunt's funeral. This was his first chance to repair the blemish with which nature had cursed him, and Tony was seizing time by the forelock.

His face hurt him little, in the days that followed, and he was able triumphantly to remove the white patch from his cheek the night before Coral's return. Seeing himself without the birthmark, he felt like a leper magi-cally cleansed of his sores. Dark-eyed black-haired, soft of feature, he was not a bad looking young man after all unless the mirror lied.

The following morning, when Coral returned, she embraced him eagerly, with little moans of passion, then held him off to look at him. He waited for her to comment on the change, wondering a little at the sudden horror that swept over her beautiful face.

"You've had it removed!" she ac-

For you," he assured her.

"You aren't Wernher any more," she told him. "You aren't anybody at all!

An hour later, he was on the street with his suitcases, trying to hail a cab and cursing himself. A pitying butler had shown him another picture of Wernher von Liebnicht, Coral Hayden's only love. It was full faced, and on his left cheek was a birthmark, a matching blemish.

He should have stood in bed!





THE WEIRDIES

Blimey, now! How These Crazy-Caparisoned London Kids Dig Dancing In A Deep Dive To A Band Of Cool Cats!







THROUGH THE misty grey of a winter's evening in London's West End walks a group of youngsters in eccentric clothes, drawing amused stares from more conventional passers-by. They make their way to a cellar underneath a night club in a narrow street off Piccadilly Circus and there they find their own kind — the Weirdies. The cellar is home to Cy Laurie's jazz club of which the Weirdies are the mainstay. The name, which came to be accepted from remarks passed by casual visitors, is passed off with a wry shrug. "We know we're laughed at, one said. "But we're used to it. It doesn't affect us." The Weirdies ARE weird, no doubt about that. They come to Cy Laurie's in the weirdest collection of clothing ever seen in one place at one time. The girls have a penchant for black stockings and shift-like garments covered in drawings of favorite bandleaders, or black tights and floppy sweaters which give the outlines of match-boxes on stilts. The men, many of them bearded, look as if their last haircut was executed with a knife and fork and are much given to drainpipe trousers and eccentric hats. The clothing is not a uniform — no two outfits are alike. "I wear these clothes because they're the clothes I happen to own at the moment," admitted a student. "I got the coat for one pound and the trousers for fifteen shillings. The shoes cost seventeen and sixpence. I threw them together and the general effect called for a batwing collar. So I added one."





"We dress like this because we feel like it," said a girl. "We come here because nobody looks twice; it's taken for granted. This isn't a cult and it isn't any sort of angry young revolt against modern society or Subtopia. We do all this because we like it." What DO the Weirdies do? Well, they dance. They are rabid traditional jazz fans to whom the efforts of Cy Laurie's casually-sweatered, perspiring boys are heavenly music. They loathe Rock 'n' Roll and hate Teddy Boys. They hold Elvis Presley and his imitators in the deepest contempt. "Presley," one said, "is like cold soup warmed up." Most of the Weirdies are under twenty. They are apprentices, students, laborers, butchers, budding actors and all sorts. Many are "layabouts" as one girl put it. "Not lazy, but they haven't started working yet . . ." They attend Cy Laurie's sessions on the average three times a week, avoiding Saturday nights like the plague, hecause on that night the place is,"infested with goggle-eyed provincials who come to watch, not to dance." On Saturdays they go instead to art-school dances. There is a general agreement that art students are the originators and spiritual leaders of the Weirdie way. The Weirdies are happiest in the summer when they begin their "Raves." A "Rave" is a day out, usually to the seaside, in full Weirdie dress and with musical instruments. The group embarking on a "Rave" catches a milk or paper train at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning (it's cheaper) to Brighton or some other South Coast resort and spends the day playing jazz under the pier or on the sands. "Come along," they suggest, "but don't wear that suit, and don't dare to wear a tie!"





"We know we're laughed at, but we're used to it!"





WHEREVER YOU GO

when you carry a Diners' Club card!



here's why you will want to join the Diners' Glui

YOU'LL HAVE 14,000 CHARGE ACCOUNTS and immediate, unquestioned credit at the finest establishments in every key city throughout the world. You'll be able to charge FOOD, DRINKS, ENTERTAINMENT, HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, CAR RENTALS, LIQUOR, FLOWERS, GIFTS, ETC. When the bill is presented you just sign it. That's all.

YOU'LL GET ONLY ONE MONTHLY STATEMENT. It will include all your charges. Makes it impossible to forget any legitimate business expense. One check pays for everything. An invaluable record for tax and bookkeeping purposes. Your accountant will verify this.

YOU'LL ENJOY THE PRESTIGE AND CONVENIENCE ACCLAIMED BY 600,000 MEMBERS. Your wallet-sized Diners' Club credit card assures you preferred treatment wherever you go and is as easy to use as an oil company credit card. Eliminates expense-account headaches, petty cash nuisance, the need to carry large sums of cash. Replaces dozens of individual credit cards. A complete directory and guide to over 14,000 of the world's finest RESTAURANTS, NIGHT CLUBS, HOTELS, FLORISTS, MOTELS through the CONGRESS OF MOTOR HOTELS; AUTO RENTALS through HERTZ RENT A CAR; interstate LIQUOR GIFTS through BEVERAGE GIFT SERVICE.

\$5 COVERS 12 FULL MONTHS OF SERVICE. All this credit, convenience, and prestige costs you just \$5 a year or 12 months from date card is issued—a modest fee for so many benefits. And for only \$2.50 each, authorized members of your firm or family can be added on the same account. Membership fee also includes one year's subscription to "The Diners' Club Magazine".

TAX BULLETIN!

On November 25, 1957, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, Russell C. Harrington, in commenting on a new regulation which will require taxpayers to fill in new expense account information on their individual income tax forms, stated:

"All individual taxpayers who incur expenses in connection with their employment should keep adequate records of their expenditures and reimbursements, so that for 1958 and later years they will be in a position to supply expense account information from their own records."

Your Diners' Club bill is a dated, receipted voucher which permanently records what you spent and where you spent it!

THIS IS YOUR APPLICATION - MAIL TODAY

il Name			FOR OFFICE USE	
ome Address		City	State	
ome Phane	Zent Home	Own Home	Years	
empany Name		Hature of Business	,	
ddress		City	State	
	Years with above firm			_
ank and Branch Address			Rog. Checking	9
harge accounts at	If common account deviced, redicar		Spec. Checking	
CHECK ONE OTHER	Have you applied previously?		Savings	01A-8032
CHECK ONE ONLY	If addition to existing account, sh	aw number		9
ill to office address	\$5 FEE: ENCLOSED . BILL ME		1	
PERSONAL ACCOUNT	card is issued and includes one year's	subscription to Diners' Club M.	oguzine at sixty cents.	
PERSONAL ACCOUNT	Card helder assumes ind	ividual responsibility with comp	ony applicant	

Letters to Adam



REALLY STACKED!

For my money, ADAM is the best magazine on the stands. The stories can't be beat, the jokes are the best, and the pictures — W-O-W! I have given up all other magazines as a waste of time, but ADAM continues to hold my interest. Let's have some more pictures of Coreen Rodella. There's a girl who's really stacked!

W. M. Anderson, Indiana

I am an avid reader of ADAM, and look forward to every issue. I especially like the lusty fiction and the girl photos that appear in "Letters to the Editor". The spread of Vangie Johns (Vol. 2, No. 5) was just great. Please keep ADAM the fine magazine it has always been.

L. E. Gibson New Philadelphia, Ohio

SHRIMP BOATS YET!

The gal in blue jeans on the inside back cover of ADAM, Vol. 2, No. 4, has the whole shrimp fleet here completely demoralized! She has done more for us than Brigitte Bardot for all of France. We shall be forever indebted if we can see more, and we mean more, of her. She sho' ought to be here in Texas—she'd soon own the whole fleet.

Yours for more— C. M. Taylor Aransas Pass, Texas

ADAM sho' hopes you got to look at more of the girl in question in ADAM, Vol. 2, No. 5. Her name is Vangie Johns, and ADAM agrees with you shrimpermen that she's a sho' 'nuff honey.

DAURENE

I really liked "School for Strippers" in ADAM, Vol. 2, No. 3. Daurene Dare, who runs the school really sent me. Let's have more of Daurene.

Jimmie Johnson
Santa Rosa, California
You got more of Daurene in ADAM,
Vol. 2, No. 8. Hope you enjoyed the
views.



TOGETHER

ADAM is the only mazagine both my husband and I enjoy together, and it is a fight as to who reads it first. ADAM is our favorite magazine. We think ADAM is fabulous.

Mr. & Mrs. F. M. Shaddy Eugene, Oregon

BY THE SHESHORE

As an awed admirer of ADAM girls, it is taking all the courage I possess to



enclose the picture of me in a bathing suit. However, my friends insist that I have enough of the specifications to get in print, and I only hope they are right. I am a working girl (stenographer) and would like very much to mod-

el. Thank you in any case.

Dorothea Quinn

Virginia Beach, Virginia
Don't thank ADAM Dorothea...

ADAM thanks you, and with mucho cause. Luck in your chosen career.

THOSE BELLS KEEP RINGING

The array of beautiful girls in your pages is second to none. Your photos of the uninhibited Virginia Bell (Vol. 2, No. 4) and her magnificent 48 rank as your greatest pictorial to date.

R. J. Green Bay, Wisconsin

Just to let you know that I am very happy to have had the pleasure of feasting my eyes on that gorgeous woman, Virginia Bell. She is the girl with the mostest!

Jim Aldrich San Francisco, California

Never before have my friends and I been so entertained as by those wonderful pictures of Virginia Bell. She is truly a woman!

The Bell Ringers San Francisco, California



"I'm Susanne Sydney actress and comedienne. ADAM thought I was a Sexpot, too. Get the next issue and find out yourself!"

ADAM In Words

- The Sexiest Con Girl In the Space System see pg 4
- Peter van Haick Takes On A Spoiled, Amoral Brat see pg 12
- A Looney, Laughable Look At Love see pg 15
- He Was Imprisoned By A Madame see pg 18
- Poison Is A Woman's Weapon see pg 30
- The Hilarious Corruption Of Wrestling see pg 42
- In An Agony Of Fear, She Waited For The Knifer. see pg 56

ADAM In Pictures

- The Nude Lovelies Of Brussels Night Life see pg 22
- The Mating Urge . . . see pg 46
- ADAM Visits The London Weirdies see pg 62

